5.30

# SAW

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 1

UNDERWATER

The low roar of deep water. There is no surface or floor here, this ocean is infinite in all directions. Then, through the inky void, a light. A tag-light on a key chain. It * floats towards us, a key trailing behind it on the end of * the chain. At first the light shows us nothing - until its glow lands on a face. The face of a young man. His eyes are closed, mouth aghast in mute shock.

His eyes abruptly flick open, wide with terror. He takes a breath, swallowing only water, thrashing and expelling bubbles. He kicks out, hitting something. He sees a bath plug below him.

He is in a bathtub.

The man's legs thump against the tubs edges as he strains to sit up. The plug chain coils around his toe and he jerks it upward, releasing the plug. The water whirlwinds down the plughole, gurgling.

The tag-light clinks down the drain, taking the key with it. * We hear the man suck in a huge breath above the surface, coughing and gasping. We hear the man -- but we do not see him.

It is pitch black. Tiny slivers of light are all that allow us quick glimpses of the man's face -- everything else is darkness.

MAN (V.O.)
Jesus Christ!

We hear a chain rattle. The man screams in pain, his cry echoing as if he were inside a sealed chamber.

MAN (CONT'D)
HELP! Someone help me, PLEASE!

There is a faint noise. It's close. Inside the room.

MAN (CONT'D)
Who's that? Is someone there?

Silence.

MAN (CONT'D)
HEY!

1 CONTINUED: 1

Again, no reply. Panic rises in the man's voice.

MAN (CONT'D)
Shit, I'm probably dead.

A second voice slices through the blackness, that of an older sounding man.

OLDER MAN (V.O.)
You're not dead.

MAN (V.O.)
Who's there?

No reply.

MAN (CONT'D)
WHO'S THERE??

The man breathes hard, waiting for an answer. None comes.

MAN (CONT'D)
Turn on the lights!

OLDER MAN (V.O.)
Be quiet.

MAN (V.O.)
What the fuck is going on? Where am I?

OLDER MAN (V.O.)
I don't know, yet.

We hear hands slapping against hard surfaces, feeling around. Someone sniffs the air.

MAN (V.O.)
What is that smell?

OLDER MAN (V.O.)
Shhh.

After an expectant beat, we remain in darkness. The man begins whispering to himself; childlike, primal.

MAN (V.O.)
Jesus, please tell me what is going on here...oh God, please.

BZZZZZZP!!

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

A flash of light illuminates the room, then goes out. It zaps again, then blinks on and off spastically before flooding the entire room with white light.

A row of fluorescent tubes on the ceiling have come to life. The older man's hand rests on a light switch.

The two men shield their faces, then peek out at their surroundings through strained eyes.

The older man, **LAWRENCE GORDON (42)**, has the handsome, dignified face of an 'IMPORTANT WHITE MALE'. The other man, **ADAM RADFORD (25)**, looks like a drowned rat. A young, grungily dressed, drowned rat.

They are at opposite ends of a large bathroom, thirty feet apart. Both have no shoes, and both are shackled to separate floor-to-ceiling pipes with a thick, three-foot long steel chain, which ends in a clamp that binds their right ankle.

The windowless room is almost bare, save for a bathtub and toilet on either side of Adam, and a basin which juts out of the wall to the right of Lawrence. Pipes strangle the ceiling like rusted vines.

A large mirror is mounted on the wall facing them. Above it is a CLOCK, which reads TEN TO EIGHT.

The men's attention turns to the floor between them, where a blue and bloated, male corpse is sprawled face down in the center of the room. A lake of blood coats the floor around his head, which his brains have been blown out of, all over the wall. In his left hand is a .38 revolver, strapped to his skin with duct tape. In his right hand is a tape recorder.

The silence punctuates their shock.

ADAM
Is that...?

Lawrence kneels down for a better look at the corpse.

Adam shuts his eyes - takes a deep breath. Opens them again. He dry retches, coughing and spitting. Lawrence looks up as Adam makes a racket in the corner.

He puts a finger over his lips, signaling for Adam to be quiet, then presses his ear against the grimy, tiled wall behind him. His eyes follow a sound which travels up the wall to the ceiling, making its way along one of the pipes - until it reaches a hole, where it drips out. Water.

1 CONTINUED: (3) 1

Lawrence presses his ear against the wall again, closing his eyes and concentrating hard.

Nothing. No birds chirping, no urban atmos - true silence.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Lawrence whirls on Adam, who kicks the bathtub with his foot clamp.

ADAM (CONT'D)
HEEEEEELP!!

The echo fades.

Adam gets on the floor, struggling to pull his foot through the clamp. Its steel edge cuts into his foot as he heaves backwards. He collapses in pain. Lawrence watches him.

LAWRENCE
Calm down.

ADAM
What the fuck is this?!

Despite himself, Lawrence's stern, even tone has the effect of settling Adam a little.

LAWRENCE
Are you alright?

ADAM
What?

LAWRENCE
Are you injured in any way?

ADAM
I don't know.

LAWRENCE
What's your name?

ADAM
My name is very fucking confused.

Lawrence turns his attention to the body.

LAWRENCE
(pointing at the corpse)
Do you recognize that man?

Adam shakes his head.

1 CONTINUED: (4) 1

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea how you got here?
(beat; off Adam's "I don't know" look)
What's the last thing you remember?

Adam looks away.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. STAIRWELL ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 2

FLASHBACK

Low rent. It's late. A baby wails somewhere. Adam clomps noisily up the stairs, alone and singing loudly to himself, a 35mm camera slung over his shoulder. A voice from upstairs yells down at him.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey pal! Some people have to work in the morning! *

ADAM
I know, don't you feel sorry for them?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
One night I'm gonna be waiting for you, you little shithead. *

Adam mouths the words "little shithead" along with the irate neighbor - this is clearly a well worn routine.

He turns a corner, coming face-to-face with a grim policeman on a faded Neighborhood Watch poster. He 'shoots' the cop with his fingers, then trudges onwards to his front door. *

3 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 3

Adam looks dazed.

ADAM
I got home, went inside...that's it.

LAWRENCE
You said someone threatened you.

ADAM
That was just my neighbor.
(MORE)

3 CONTINUED: 3

ADAM (CONT'D)
He thinks I'm some unemployed guy whose sole purpose in life is to keep him awake at night. He doesn't know I actually work nights.

LAWRENCE
What do you do?

ADAM
Exactly, what can you do?

Lawrence studies his face. Needs more.

ADAM (CONT'D)
There's nothing more to tell. I went to bed in my shithole apartment, and woke up in an actual shithole.

They stand in silence for a beat, suspicions flying between them.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What about you?

Close on Lawrence.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 4

FLASHBACK

Clutching a briefcase, Lawrence marches quickly through the empty spaces of an underground parking lot, approaching a lonely Mercedes Benz in the far corner, the only car left. *

He rubs his tired eyes -- which is precisely when a FLASH goes off behind him, lighting up the whole parking lot for a split second. Lawrence stops, scanning around. What was that? He resumes his hurried stride.

He reaches the Mercedes. With one last, nervous survey of the parking lot, he unlocks the door and slides into the leather-covered drivers seat. *

CUT TO:

5 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 5

In unison, they both direct their attention to the corpse. *

5 CONTINUED: 5

ADAM
First dead body I've ever seen. They look different in real life.
(beat)
They don't move.

LAWRENCE
What we need to do is start thinking about why were here.

Lawrence stares at the chain on his foot.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Whoever brought us here could have killed us by now - but they didn't. They must want something from us.

Adam ponders this, his eyes suddenly locking on the bathtub. Alarm bells go off in his head. He whips his shirt up, checking his body.

ADAM
Can you see any scars?

Lawrence shoots him a perplexed look.

ADAM (CONT'D)
This is what they do, see. They kidnap you and drug you and before you know it you're lying in a bathtub and your kidneys are on E-bay.

He rips his shirt off, craning his neck to get a look at his back.

LAWRENCE
No one has taken your kidneys.

ADAM
How can you tell from way over there?

LAWRENCE
You'd either be in terrible agony or dead by now if they had. I promise you. *

ADAM *
What are you, a surgeon? *

LAWRENCE *
Kind of, yes. My name is Doctor Gordon. *

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

ADAM
Interesting name.

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE
Call me Larry.

ADAM
I'm Adam.

Lawrence turns to look up at the clock.

LAWRENCE
That clock. It's brand new.

ADAM
So?

LAWRENCE
So someone wants us to know the time.

Suddenly Adam STOPS DEAD. He has found something in the pocket of his jeans. It's a clear plastic sleeve. 'ADAM' is written on the front.

He opens it, letting the contents fall onto the floor. Inside is a micro cassette tape.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
What is it?

Adam is too engrossed to respond.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
EXCUSE ME!

Adam looks up at him.

ADAM
It's a tape.

LAWRENCE
Where did you find it?

ADAM
It was in my pocket.

Lawrence slips his hands into his own pockets, rummaging and pulling something out.

It's an envelope, this time labelled 'LAWRENCE'. He opens it.

5 CONTINUED: (3) 5

Inside is an identical cassette tape, a single bullet -- and a key.

Lawrence tries the key in the lock on his foot - no good.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Throw it over here.

Lawrence hesitates.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Oh, come on.

LAWRENCE tosses the key over. It doesn't work for Adam either.

Their eyes go to the tape recorder in the body's left hand.

Adam springs into action. He lays down, stretching as far as he can reach. His grasp is a good three feet short.

LAWRENCE
Use your shirt.

Adam wraps one arm of his shirt around his hand, flinging it out over the tape recorder - with no result. He tries again. Another miss.

ADAM
It won't work.

LAWRENCE
Look around. There must be something else you can use.

ADAM
There's nothing.

LAWRENCE
There must be something.

ADAM
Why don't you try doing it?

Lawrence scans the room, thinking.

LAWRENCE
The bath-plug.

He's right. Adam snatches the plug and chain from its mooring. He quickly ties it to one arm of his shirt and again sprawls on his stomach.

5 CONTINUED: (4) 5

He casts it out, and this time he succeeds, the plug landing perfectly and snagging the handle on the tape recorder. Adam reels it in. He blows a layer of dust off the recorder, then slots his tape inside. Places his finger on the PLAY button. Presses down.

Tape hiss wheezes forth, drowning their chamber in white noise. It drones on for an eternity, then--

A VOICE -- one that slices through bone. Whispered and hoarse, it sounds sickly - like the dying words of a demon.

VOICE
(from tape)
Rise and shine, Adam. You're probably wondering where you are-- I'll tell you where you might be. You might be in the room that you die in. Your aim in this game is to decide whether you want to live, or not. So many days you have wanted to die...here's your big chance. *

The tape hiss returns. Adam fast-forwards a few beats, but there is nothing else there. He presses STOP.

ADAM
I...I don't get it.

LAWRENCE
Throw me the player.

ADAM
No, you throw me your tape.

LAWRENCE
Look, we're going to have to work together if we want to get out of here.

ADAM
We'll work together after I hear what's on your tape.

Lawrence sighs and tosses his tape across the room. Adam plucks it up, placing it in the recorder. He presses play.

VOICE
(from tape)
Doctor Gordon, this is your wake-up call.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (5) 5

VOICE (CONT'D)
Every day of your working life, you have given people the news that they are going to die soon. Now, YOU will be the cause of death. Your aim in this game is to kill Adam. *
You have until six on the clock to do it. There is a man in the room with you. When there is that much poison in your blood, the only thing left to do is shoot yourself.
(beat; coughing)
There are ways to win this, hidden all around you. Just remember, X marks the spot for the treasure. *

The voice pauses, letting the information sink in.

VOICE (CONT'D)
(from tape)
If you do not kill Adam by six, then * I'm going to kill Alison and Diana, Doctor Gordon, and then leave you in this room to rot. Let the game begin.

The voice cuts out.

Lawrence is shell-shocked. Can't believe what he's just heard.

LAWRENCE
(referring to the recorder)
Give me that.
(beat)
Now.

Bewildered, Adam heaves it over. Lawrence rewinds it.

VOICE
(from tape)
...then I'm going to kill Alison and Diana, Doctor Gordon, and then leave you in this room to rot. Let the game begin.

Whatever chaos is raging inside Lawrence, he holds it in. Just.

ADAM
Is this some sick joke? *

5 CONTINUED: (6) 5

Lawrence stares intently at the recorder, like it holds the key to everything.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Any idea who that is?

Lawrence shakes his head.

ADAM (CONT'D)
He knows us.

Lawrence is in another world. He fast forwards the tape, listening for more. There is nothing but hiss.

The tape squawks suddenly as Lawrence runs it forward. He takes it back, motioning for Adam to be quiet, and listens.

VOICE
(from tape)
Follow your heart.

Adam sees Lawrence mouth the words to himself - 'follow your heart'.

ADAM
What do you think? Probably a joke, right? *

Lawrence eyeballs the room around him, notices a heart-shaped* scrawl on the toilet in the corner. He gestures towards it. *

LAWRENCE *
Look. *

They both focus on the filth-encrusted toilet next to Adam. Lawrence nods to him to check it. Adam flips open the seat cover, squinting into the muck. Doesn't want to do it.

He takes a deep breath and plunges his arm in, scrounging.

Finding nothing, he retracts it, sickened

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Anything?

ADAM
No solids.

LAWRENCE
Take off the lid.

Adam lifts a piece of the cracked cistern lid off, placing it aside and reaching in. *

5 CONTINUED: (7) 5

He hauls up a large plastic bag, water dripping off it.

ADAM
I really wish I had've checked in there first.

He sets the bag down, cautious. Peers inside.

LAWRENCE
What is it?

A beat, then Adam lifts two large hacksaws out of the bag.

He takes one and attempts to saw through his chain with it.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Pass me the other one...please.

Adam pitches the other hacksaw to Lawrence, off to one side. As he reaches over to get it, Adam flings the plastic bag into the bathtub behind him.

They pull their chains taut and begin cutting. Lawrence takes his time. Adam forces it, the chain shaking.

Lawrence swaps the hacksaw into his left hand, trying to steady the chain with his right - but this is proving next to impossible. *

Adam finally gives up on the chain and attempts to saw through the solid concrete pipe the chain is attached to. He grips his hacksaw with both hands, thrusting ferociously.

He picks up momentum, the hacksaw trembling. Lawrence stops trying to cut through his chain. He winces as Adam's blade screeches. *

SNAP!-- the blade on the hacksaw breaks off. *

Adam boils. *

ADAM *
FUCK! *

He hurls the hacksaw handle at the mirror, smashing one corner of it. Small shards ricochet around the room. *

Anger ERUPTS inside him; he thrashes wildly, trying to rip his chain from the wall. Wears himself out. He simmers, chest heaving. *

Lawrence gently places his hacksaw on the ground. *

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (8) 5

LAWRENCE
He doesn't want us to cut through our chains. He wants us to cut through our feet.

Adam reacts to the 'He'.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I may know who has done this to us.

ADAM
Who?

LAWRENCE
It's not someone I know personally. It's someone I know of.

ADAM
So tell me.

CLOSE on Lawrence. He shuts his eyes.

LAWRENCE
The last I heard, the police still hadn't caught him. I'll tell you what I do know.

His eyes spring open and he breaks into a smile.

We PULL BACK to reveal that a TRANSITION has taken place and we are now standing in--

CUT TO:

6 **OMITTED** 6*

7 **INT. NEUROSCIENCE WARD HOSPITAL - DAY** 7*

FLASHBACK

LAWRENCE
Okay folks, lets begin our rounds. You've spent seven years in med school to earn the privilege of emptying bed pans for a year.

Dressed in his hospital whites, Lawrence pulls back a bed curtain, revealing a sleeping man, surrounded by the sluggish drone of hospital machinery.

7 CONTINUED: 7

A head nurse and three student doctors stand behind him. Lawrence checks the man's vital signs chart.

The head nurse takes notes.

A gangly ORDERLY shuffles past, pushing a trolley. He stops and listens. Lawrence turns to face the student doctors, meeting eyes with one of them in particular - a pretty, young ASIAN female. She smiles shyly.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
This patient has an inoperable frontal lobe tumor, which started as a colorectal cancer. The patient has come in for a standard check up, where we look at the rate at which his condition is declining. The patient had--

ORDERLY
His name's John, Doctor Gordon. He's a real interesting person. He's an engineer, see.

LAWRENCE
Why thank you for that information, Zep.

The orderly moves on. Lawrence watches him go, shakes his head.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
As I was saying, the patient had--

VOICE
(over loud-speaker)
Doctor Lawrence Gordon, please contact front office on extension 1217.

LAWRENCE
Obviously, the Good Lord doesn't want me to tell you what the patient had.

The student doctors laugh.

8 **INT. LAWRENCE'S OFFICE HOSPITAL - DAY** 8

FLASHBACK

Neat. Breathtakingly neat.

8 CONTINUED: 8

Lawrence enters his very clean office to find two men, **DAVID TAPP** (40) and **STEVEN SING** (28, Asian), already inside it. Tapp reads the certificates and awards covering the wall; Sing leans against the desk, chewing lazily on gum. They look up.

TAPP
Hello Doctor Gordon. I'm Detective Tapp, this is Detective Sing. City Homicide.

He gestures at the certificate covered wall.

TAPP (CONT'D)
Very impressive.

LAWRENCE
Thank you, I'm doing my best...as is everyone else here.

Lawrence shakes hands with Tapp; Sing simply salutes, looks bored.

TAPP
Sorry to interrupt you while you're working.

Lawrence nods his head, eyes switching between the two cops.

LAWRENCE
It's fine. How can I help you, gentlemen?

TAPP
Are you able to tell us where you were between the hours of eleven pm and one am last night, doctor?

Lawrence stiffens up. Hesitates.

LAWRENCE
Why is it that you're interested?

TAPP
We'd like to ask you a few questions about it. For your sake, I think it would be best if we did it down at the station. Would you like to follow us there? *

LAWRENCE
I can't just leave, I've got work to do. Plus, my wife has the car today. *

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

SING
That's okay, you can ride with us, doc. *

Lawrence notices other doctors staring in through the office window. He walks over and closes the blinds.

LAWRENCE
I'm...I'm sorry, you'll have to tell me again - what is this all about?

Tapp reaches into his pocket and holds up a plastic evidence bag, containing a pen-light.

TAPP
Is this yours? *

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 10

FLASHBACK

Lawrence stands; Brett sits opposite him. They are alone.

LAWRENCE
Of course I don't know what they're talking about, Brett. How long have we known each other? They found something of mine at a murder scene, I'm at a total loss as to how. * * *

BRETT
I have to ask, Larry. (Beat)
So what were you doing last night?

This is tearing Lawrence up - letting go of secrets.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Larry? *

He steps in towards Brett.

LAWRENCE
I was visiting someone. *

BRETT
Who? C'mon, if you can't be honest with me, Larry... * *

Lawrence contemplates this. *

(CONTINUED)

10

10 CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE

Not my wife.

BRETT

Oh.
(beat)
Well, as your lawyer and not as your friend, my advice is to bite the bullet and give them your alibi now - because no one's going to believe you later. Go for a truthful defense and wrap this up.

Lawrence can't bear the thought of letting the police know.

11

11 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Lawrence tries his best to appear unperturbed by the memory.

LAWRENCE
That was five months ago. He tried to set me up for murder.

Lawrence scans the room around him.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Actually, he's no murderer. He never killed anyone. He finds ways for his victims to kill themselves.

The camera drifts off into darkness, taking us into--

12*

12 **INT. OUTSIDE RAZOR CAGE ROOM - NIGHT**

FLASHBACK

The place where our filth goes.

Water leaks, germs breed, secrets rot. A flashlight beam swathes the darkness -- it is Tapp and Sing. They advance through the mire. A police radio crackles.

SING
Why is it that a phone call after midnight always brings bad news? Why doesn't anyone ever call at two in the morning and say 'Hi, you just won the state lottery'?

TAPP
That phone stops ringing with bad news, you're out of a job, detective.

12 CONTINUED:

SING
I'm out of a job, but my wife is still speaking to me. Hmmm.

They reach a heavy trap door on the ground, a dark pit yawning beyond it. KERRY (30), an attractive female forensic, pops her head up through the hole.

KERRY
Evening, detectives. Thank you for getting here so fast.

SING
No problem, Kerry. I love the smell an rotting flesh in the morning.

KERRY
Hang onto that sense of humor, Steve. You're gonna need it.

They crouch down, stepping through the trap door, into—

13 **INT. RAZOR CAGE ROOM - NIGHT** 13

FLASHBACK

Kerry pulls on a pair of forensic gloves as she speaks.

KERRY
That smell up there is actually animal carcasses. This was an old meat packing plant, so it's still pretty bad. The smell down here is much worse. This one's not fresh anymore - at least three weeks out.

Kerry points her flashlight and they see it, suspended like an insect in a spider web.

It's a male body -- entombed in a bizarre cage, made entirely from razor wire. The man has obviously tried to free himself and become entangled, the razors cutting deep into his skin and shredding his T-shirt and boxer shorts. His expression is one of frozen horror.

Kerry holds up a clear plastic bag with an old tape recorder inside. She presses play. The voice we heard on Lawrence and Adam's tapes spits forth. It sounds louder. Healthier

VOICE
(from tape)
Hello, Paul.
(MORE)

13 CONTINUED: 13

VOICE (CONT'D)
For a long time, you've placed a high value on non-living things - your car, your investment portfolio, even your watch. But how much value have you placed on living things? Your wife? Your family? Your mistress? Let's play a game. All you have to do to win the game is stand up and walk out the door. If you can't do it by three O'clock, the door will lock and then this room becomes your tomb. How much value do you put on your life?

Kerry shuts off the tape, then directs her flashlight at a digital clock, on the wall that faces the cage. It reads 3:00 AM.

KERRY
The door was on a timer. He was given two hours. It was wide open until three o'clock, then it slammed shut, right on the dot.

CUT TO:

14 INT. RAZOR CAGE ROOM - NIGHT 14

FLASHBACK - EARLIER

Paul is inside the cage, alive, reaching out for the trap door. He SCREAMS as he struggles to claw through the razor wire.

CUT TO:

15 INT. RAZOR CAGE ROOM - NIGHT 15*

FLASHBACK

Tapp circles the body. It is clear he has never seen anything like this. He leans in close, his flashlight finding the back of the victims neck, where a small area of flesh has been neatly and precisely cut away. It is in the shape of a jigsaw piece.

TAPP
(to himself)
A jigsaw piece...
(to sing)
I think we're going to be here for a while.

15 CONTINUED: 15

Sing makes the sound of a toilet flushing.

SING
Hear that? That's the sound of my marriage going down the drain.

A flash goes off, lighting up the body and FREEZE-FRAMING the whole image in black and white. We pull back from the frozen image, into--

16 **INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY** 16

FLASHBACK

Lawrence's face. He stares at the black and white forensic photo. A note clipped to it reads 'VICTIM 1'.

He casts it aside, flipping through a thick case file in front of him on a desk.

He comes across another black and white photo, this time marked 'VICTIM 2'. The image is of a blistered hand. We descend INTO the photo, pulling back to reveal-- *

17 **INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT** 17*

FLASHBACK

--a blackened, burnt corpse, twisted on the floor of a windowless room. The floor is covered in shards of broken glass. In the center of the room is a locked safe. * * *

Several police officers mill about, treading on the glass in heavy boots. Tapp picks at the corpse, lost in his own world. *

Sing stands over him with a notebook.

SING
Okay, we have a male victim, but until we get the lowdown on his choppers from forensics, we won't know much else about him... * * * *

He holds up an evidence bag containing a tape recorder.

SING (CONT'D)
...what we do know is who did it. Our friend Jigsaw. * *

CUT TO:

18* 18 INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK - EARLIER

A man awakens suddenly in a chair. His right arm and torso is smeared in a thick brown gelatin. He looks down to see the glass covered floor of the room he is in.

An envelope sits in his lap. MARK is written across it. He tips out the contents, squinting at them in the dim light of a candle.

A tape player...and a single match, inside a matchbox.

CUT TO:

19* 19 INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Sing holds up the tape recorder.

VOICE
(from tape)
Hello Mark. I know that you have been faking an illness for some time now, taking advantage of others generosity. So I've decided to really make you sick. Right now, there is a slow acting poison in your veins. The antidote is inside the safe.
(beat; coughing)
The combination to the safe is written on the wall. Hurry and program it in before the candle burns out. Otherwise you'll have to use something else.

CUT TO:

20* 20 INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK- EARLIER

Holding the candle in front of him, the man reads numbers that are scrawled on a thin strip of tape which runs the entire length of the room.

Ripping it a fraction to keep track of where he's up to, he hobbles carefully across the glass - wincing as it cuts into his feet - to the safe, where he types numbers into a keypad, then heads back towards the tape on the wall.

18* 18 INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK - EARLIER

A man awakens suddenly in a chair. His right arm and torso is smeared in a thick brown gelatin. He looks down to see the glass covered floor of the room he is in.

An envelope sits in his lap. MARK is written across it. He tips out the contents, squinting at them in the dim light of a candle.

A tape player...and a single match, inside a matchbox.

CUT TO:

19* 19 INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Sing holds up the tape recorder.

VOICE
(from tape)
Hello Mark. I know that you have been faking an illness for some time now, taking advantage of others generosity. So I've decided to really make you sick. Right now, there is a slow acting poison in your veins. The antidote is inside the safe.
(beat; coughing)
The combination to the safe is written on the wall. Hurry and program it in before the candle burns out. Otherwise you'll have to use something else.

CUT TO:

20* 20 INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK- EARLIER

Holding the candle in front of him, the man reads numbers that are scrawled on a thin strip of tape which runs the entire length of the room.

Ripping it a fraction to keep track of where he's up to, he hobbles carefully across the glass - wincing as it cuts into his feet - to the safe, where he types numbers into a keypad, then heads back towards the tape on the wall.

20 CONTINUED: 20

Then the candle goes out.

For a moment, we are in total darkness. Then a match ignites.

CLOSE ON the man's face, as a wall of flame ENGULFS THE FRAME*

CUT TO:

21 **INT. BROKEN GLASS ROOM - NIGHT** 21*

FLASHBACK

Kerry tiptoes up beside Tapp.

KERRY
We found something. Well, two things actually.

She points towards the door. *

KERRY (CONT'D)
Someone was standing out there, *
watching through a peephole. *
(beat)
Looks like our guy books himself
front row seats to his own sick little *
games. He was there at the last one *
too. *

She lifts up an evidence bag, containing a doctor's penlight, the type used to examine people's throats and eyes.

KERRY (CONT'D)
Only this time, he left something *
behind.

Tapp takes the bag.

TAPP
Get a rush on the prints.

BANG!!-

22 **INT. POLICE STATION OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY** 22

FLASHBACK

--Sing SLAMS the door shut, startling Lawrence out of his concentration. He gestures to a young woman, **MANDY** (27), who is entering the interview room, with Tapp, on the other side of the two way glass.

22 CONTINUED: 22

SING
This woman's name is Amanda Denlon. *
I would like you to pay attention to *
her every word, doc.

Sing takes a seat next to Lawrence.

**23 INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY** 23

FLASHBACK

Mandy is dressed in a loose smock, a doctor standing behind her. Tapp notices the track marks on her arms.

TAPP
Mandy, in your own time, tell me the first thing you remember.

Mandy, turns to face him.

CUT TO:

**24 INT. JAW TRAP ROOM - NIGHT** 24

MANDY'S FLASHBACK

A naked bulb gives light to a figure, slumped in a chair.

CLOSE ON the figures eyes. Lightning surges outside and they flutter open. It is a dazed Mandy. For a moment she scans around groggily, mumbling, then suddenly SNAPS forward in the chair.

We PULL BACK. Strapped to her mouth is a large, rusted metal device, which clamps onto her upper and lower jaws like a medieval dental tool. It looks very painful. Blood and drool trickle down her neck.

Her eyes go wide with fear. Breathing kicks up a notch.

She wriggles her hands, her wrists bound to the chair with tape.

Her sobs die down, fading to silence. She is alone.

SUDDENLY--

A television BURSTS to life beside her, static roaring, then--

It cuts to an image. A face. Horrified, Mandy sees it is the face of a garish, ghoulish ventriloquist's doll. The doll turns to look directly at her.

24 CONTINUED: 24

It speaks with the voice we have come to know as Jigsaw's.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello Amanda. You don't know me, but I know you. I want to play a game.

The grainy, hand held camera image pulls back to a wider shot, revealing that the doll is sitting at some sort of workbench. The doll turns its head, and the camera pans across to show a plaster head, wearing the same jaw-trap. The camera then moves around to the back, zooming in on a timer which ticks like a clock.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
Here's what happens if you lose. There is a timer at the back of the device you are wearing. When the timer goes off, your mouth will be ripped permanently open. Think of it like a...reverse bear trap. *

The camera moves around to the front again.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(From screen)
I'll show you.

We hear the timer click to a stop. Boom. The jaw-trap EXPLODES open in opposite directions, shattering the plaster head.

Mandy chokes as she watches.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
There is only one key to open the device. It is in the stomach of your dead cell mate. Look around Amanda, know that I am not lying. You'd better hurry up. Live or die - make your choice. *

The screen cuts to static.

Mandy begins screaming, THRASHING in her chair. She RIPS her hands free of the tape, pushing herself upwards. As she does this, a coil of string tied to the back of the chair reaches its full length and yanks a pin out of the jaw-trap.

Mandy freezes.

YELLOW 9/18/03

24

24 CONTINUED: (2)

TICK...TICK...TICK.

She has set off the timer.

Mandy staggers backwards, her head knocking the light bulb and sending it spinning. She looks down, the swinging bulb flashing past the face of a body. She recoils, the light showing her a man, lying still on the floor.

Mandy lifts the shirt of the body to expose his stomach.

A question mark is painted across it.

25

25 **INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM, - DAY**

FLASHBACK

Mandy stares into her lap.

MANDY
There was a knife.

26

26 **INT. JAW TRAP ROOM - NIGHT**

MANDY'S FLASHBACK

Mandy sees a scalpel, lying on the ground next to the body. * She holds the scalpel up, the blade glinting in the light.

Then it happens.

The man moves his finger slightly; emits a tiny groan. Mandy looks down at him in horror.

27

27 **INT. POLICE STATION OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

FLASHBACK

Sing throws an evidence bag containing a syringe onto the table in front of Lawrence.

SING
He'd been injected with an opiate overdose. He couldn't move or feel much of anything.

LAWRENCE
He was alive?

Sing turns back to the mirror.

SING
Was.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

TAPP
(from interview room)
What happened after you took it off?

28 **INT. JAW TRAP ROOM - NIGHT** 28

MANDY'S FLASHBACK

A rapid MONTAGE of images FLICKER in the strobing light: Mandy's hand on the scalpel...the timer ticking slowly...the scalpel being raised...the scalpel coming down.

Finally, Mandy holds up a key, dripping blood.

She feels around the back of the device, slotting the key into a hole and unlocking it. The device unlocks, the bottom half unclamping from her jaw.

She hauls it off her head, throwing it aside. The timer clicks to a stop, the clamp SNAPPING open. Tears spill out of her face as she collapses; trembling, wailing, shattered.

A bolt is lifted, and a door in the corner groans open. Mandy ceases making noise, staring into the darkness beyond the door. Waiting.

SUDDENLY -- the smiley ventriloquist's doll from the video enters, riding a tiny tricycle. The tricycle stops, the doll turning to look at her and spouting a perfect speaking voice.

DOLL
Congratulations. You are still alive. Most people are so ungrateful to be alive, but not you...not anymore. *

CUT TO:

29 **INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY** 29

FLASHBACK

Tapp stares at Mandy.

TAPP
Are you grateful, Mandy?

Tears form in her eyes.

Tapp looks uncomfortable with the crying girl. Stiffens up and goes into "police officer" mode.

29 CONTINUED: 29

TAPP (CONT'D)
You are in fact a drug addict, isn't that right, Mandy?

Mandy says nothing, really sobbing now.

TAPP (CONT'D)
Do you think that is why he picked you?

Mandy manages to nod, and finally looks up at Tapp.

MANDY
He...helped...me.

Tapp turns to look at the mirror. From Lawrence's point of view, it looks like Tapp is staring directly INTO HIS EYES.

**30 OMITTED** **30**
AND AND
31 31

**32 INT. BATHROOM - DAY** **32**

Adam looks like a frightened child.

ADAM
Are you sure it's him?

LAWRENCE
Yes.

Adam has a minor meltdown taking it all in.

ADAM
Well, why am I here? If this bullshit is true, why the fuck am I here?

LAWRENCE
I don't know.

ADAM
I don't know either. I don't know what to believe.

LAWRENCE
You can believe that we are stuck in this room, and that if we don't find a way out soon, we're going to run out of oxygen. That's all you need to believe.

32 CONTINUED: 32

ADAM
How do I know you're telling the truth. You could be the one who put me here. *

LAWRENCE
Hey, I'm in exactly the same situation as you are!!! *

Adam clutches one of the broken mirror shards, enraged, holding it out toward Lawrence.

ADAM
Wrong. You've got one thing I don't - information. Now you either tell me who is--

He cuts his tirade short.

He is staring into the mirror shard he is holding, his eye reflected back at him in it. He turns it around, SEEING THROUGH IT, to Lawrence on the other side of the room.

LAWRENCE
What is it?

ADAM
Two way glass.

Their heads pivot toward the mirror. Adam hoists the piece of the cistern lid off the floor and heaves it at the mirror.

It shatters, revealing a hollow, bare cupboard - save for a glass shell in the center, guarding a camera lens.

They gape at the lens, which whirs as it changes focus. We follow their gaze over to the lens until it fills the frame, luring us into blackness.

33 **INT. LIVING ROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY** 33

We emerge from the monitor of a lap-top computer, which displays a shot of Lawrence and Adam in the bathroom.

We drift back from the screen, into--

Drapes shut. Impossible to tell if it's day or night. The monitor sits on an oak dining table, amongst a hive of other equipment - a police scanner, a large hard drive. Cables spill out of each item like the gizzards of a slaughtered animal.

33 CONTINUED: 33

Despite the tech-mess on the table, the rest of the living room is immaculate - a spotless testament to someone's wealth.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

We explore the living room further. A large family portrait adorns the wall, three smiling figures staring out of it; a woman, a young girl, and Lawrence. *

We are in Lawrence's apartment. *

We crane down to reveal a silhouetted figure, sitting in front of the monitor, watching Lawrence and Adam. The figure waves at them.

FIGURE
I can see you. (Beat)
Don't look at me, I can't help you.

The time display on the monitor clicks over to 11.00.

FIGURE (CONT'D)
Not long to go now.

We tilt up into DARKNESS.

Pull out of black into--

34 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 34

The lens stares back at the men.

ADAM
So we're on TV? *
(beat; voice lowers)
I feel sick. I feel like a lab rat.

Adam begins hurling pieces of the mirror at the camera.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(yelling at the camera)
Can you hear me in there, asshole?
I'm havin' a blast! This is the
most fun I've had without lubricant.

The mirror pieces bounce off the protective box harmlessly.

LAWRENCE
That's not going to do anything.

ADAM
So you just want to leave it running?

LAWRENCE
You won't stop it. That's why we
couldn't cut through these chains.
It's why you won't break that glass.
(MORE)

34 CONTINUED: 34

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Every possible angle has been pre-thought out by him.

ADAM
You sound like you admire this prick.

LAWRENCE
To overcome something, you have to understand what a perfect engine it is. That's how you fight disease.

ADAM
Except this time you have the disease.

LAWRENCE
(ignoring Adam)
The tape told us to find an X. That X has to be somewhere in this room. Think - where would he put it?

ADAM
Fuck thinking. Don't you wanna scream?

Lawrence turns away from Adam, concentrating. He begins scanning the room, searching for anything that looks like an X.

LAWRENCE *
C'mon, C'mon, help me look for it. *

Adam grows frustrated.

ADAM
How can you be the calm doctor-guy when your wife and kid are out there? He could be doing anything to them right now. Are you 'thinking' about that? Huh? Your wife and daughter are--

LAWRENCE *
I am thinking about that! *
(beat)
I've been thinking about the last thing I said to my daughter.

DISSOLVE
TO:

35 **INT. LIVING ROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 35

FLASHBACK

Lace drapes lull gently, the only thing moving in a darkened living room.

It is the same living room we saw the FIGURE watching Adam and Lawrence on the monitor in. For now it is lifeless. Not a sound.

We towards a door. A clock ticks. *

36 **OMITTED** 36*

37 **INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 37*

FLASHBACK

Blades of moonlight line the angelic face of **DIANA GORDON (8)**, as she lies in bed.

Her sleeping posture is mummy-like, facing the ceiling. Swamped by stuffed toys.

Suddenly she sits up. For a long beat she just sits there, squinting into the pitch black, far corner of her room.

Finally, she walks out of her bedroom.

38 **INT. CORRIDOR GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 38

FLASHBACK

Diana shuffles zombie-like down the corridor. She passes the grandfather clock and reaches a door. She opens it.

39 **INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 39

FLASHBACK

The door creaks open.

In a trance-like state, Diana wanders in. She goes over to the wall, opposite a queen sized bed.

Thump...thump...thump.

A bedside lamp pops on, revealing the face of **ALISON GORDON** (mid 40's). Her eyes adjust to the sight of Diana banging her head against the wall.

39 CONTINUED: 39

She climbs out of bed, kneeling next to Diana, worried.

ALISON
Diana, are you alright? What's the matter?

Diana doesn't respond. Alison is clearly alarmed by this.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Diana, can you hear me? Diana?

Diana turns to face her mother, eyes wide and blank. Empty.

DIANA
Mommy...

ALISON
What is it?

DIANA
There's a man in my room. *

Alison's shoulders sag, tension vanishing from her face.

ALISON
You sure he's not just in your imagination? *

DIANA
He talked to me.

ALISON
Okay, I'll come and check.

DIANA
I want daddy. He'll get the scary man.

Alison stops, looks hurt.

ALISON
Oh...alright, if you want.

40 **INT. STUDY, GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 40*

FLASHBACK

Lawrence sits at a desk, wearing reading glasses and pecking away at a computer in the dim light of a desk lamp.

The door behind him opens, Alison and Diana stepping inside.

40 CONTINUED: 40

ALISON
Sorry to bother you, Larry, but your daughter is sleep walking again. *

Lawrence doesn't turn around, keeps typing.

LAWRENCE
One minute, please.

ALISON
She wants you to check her room.

LAWRENCE
I've just got to finish this paragraph. *

He types faster. They wait for him, then Alison turns to Diana.

ALISON
C'mon hon, we'll go look for the bad man.

Lawrence hits the full stop key and jumps up, all smiles.

LAWRENCE
No, I'm done! Daddy can do it. *

41 **INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 41*

FLASHBACK

Diana lies in bed. Lawrence tucks her in gently.

LAWRENCE
See. There's no one in your room. The bad man isn't real. It was just a dream. Do you know what a dream is?

DIANA
Brain patterns randomly interpreting past thoughts?

LAWRENCE
Very good. Now you can go to sleep.

DIANA
I'm still scared.

LAWRENCE
Well...think about happy things.

41 CONTINUED:

DIANA
What happy things?

Lawrence ponders. He spies a big cone-shaped lamp shade above her. He takes it off the lamp and props it on his head. Diana giggles.

He takes her foot, counting off her toes.

LAWRENCE
This little piggy went to market,
this little piggy stayed home...

Diana rolls her eyes.

DIANA
I'm not three anymore.

LAWRENCE
Indulge me, will you?
(beat; resumes song)
This little piggy ate roast beef,
this little piggy ate none, and this
little piggy went--

BEEEEEEP!!

Lawrence's pager goes off in his pocket. He stops singing and takes it out, taking the lamp shade off his head.

DIANA
I hate that thing.

LAWRENCE
I have to go to work, sweetheart.
You know what daddy's job is like.

He kisses her on the forehead and goes to the door, switching out the light.

DIANA
You're not going to leave us, are
you daddy?

That one stumps Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
What do you mean...? You mean leave
you and mommy?

Diana nods. Lawrence lets out a short laugh. Clearly shocked.

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
No. I would never leave you two. Ever. Who gave you that idea?

DIANA
No one.

LAWRENCE
Well it's not true. Okay?

Diana stares back at him. Is she convinced?

DIANA
Good night, daddy.

LAWRENCE
Good night, sweetie. We'll finish the song tomorrow.

He shuts the door.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 42

Lawrence stares at a photo of Diana in his wallet. Adam watches him, slumped against the wall.

ADAM
How old is your daughter?

LAWRENCE
Eight years, four months and six days old.

Adam laughs.

ADAM
So you're the dad on all the coffee mugs.

LAWRENCE
Would you like to see her?

Adam nods. Lawrence tosses it over. Adam sees the photo.

ADAM
She's gorgeous.

LAWRENCE
Thank you.

42 CONTINUED: 42

ADAM
Don't thank me. In a few years, some scumbag like me will be turning up on your doorstep to take her to a rave.

LAWRENCE
That scumbag will definitely need a plan B in place, just in case he has to go to the rave alone.

Adam grins.

ADAM
You going to have any more kids? You should, if you get the chance...

He trails off.

LAWRENCE
With our schedules it's difficult enough to concentrate on one. *
*

ADAM
I was an only child. I always wanted brothers and sisters.

Adam takes in the photo of the smiling young girl.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I remember I wanted to be a vet. Really, really wanted to be a vet.
(beat)
Then I saw the grades you needed to get into it, and I pretty much knew it was a pipe dream.

LAWRENCE
What baloney.

ADAM
Huh?

LAWRENCE
I've seen kids with brain tumors who've completed high school from a hospital bed.

ADAM
Then they got further than I did.
(beat)
Yep, I think I can safely say it's too late to become a vet.

42 CONTINUED: (2) 42

LAWRENCE
It's never too late.

Adam points to the corpse, his brains spattered everywhere.

ADAM
Well, he's got fuck all chance of becoming a vet.

There is a beat - then Adam begins laughing. Even Lawrence can't hold it in, and he chuckles. The laughter dies down.

They stare at each other.

LAWRENCE
We are going to get out of here.

Adam nods. Looks back to the photo.

ADAM
So where's the lucky wife?

LAWRENCE
There's another photo, behind the one you're looking at, of all of us at the beach.

Adam pulls out the photo of Lawrence and Diana, glancing at the one underneath.

HIS HEART SKIPS A BEAT.

Beneath the first photo is a stark Polaroid of Diana and Alison, tied and gagged like animals, terror in their eyes.

Written beneath the photo, the words: REGARDS, followed by a crude drawing of a jigsaw piece.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
It's my favorite picture, because we're all in it. Someone, usually me, has to hold the camera, which means I'm always missing from the photos.

He smiles at the memory.

Adam sees Lawrence is looking away. He hurriedly removes the Polaroid from Lawrence's wallet.

ADAM
Um...it's not here.

42 CONTINUED: (3) 42

LAWRENCE
What do you mean?

ADAM
The picture you're talking about isn't here.

LAWRENCE
Really? Are you sure?

Adam puffs the wallet back to him and he files through it.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
He must have taken it.

Adam flips the Polaroid over. Written on the back, the words: X MARKS THE SPOT. SOMETIMES YOU SEE MORE WITH YOUR EYES SHUT.

Holding the Polaroid out of Lawrence's view, Adam reads the words.

ADAM
(low whisper)
Sometimes you see more with your eyes shut.

LAWRENCE
What? *

ADAM
Nothing. It's just...that.

He jerks his head at the camera lens.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I don't like being watched.

The camera lens whirs.

**43 INT. LIVING ROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY** **43**

The monitor flickers, displaying Adam and Lawrence. The figure watching them arches forward in a chair, then stands up. Groaning and hunched over, the figure heads out of the room.

**44 INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY** **44**

Toys everywhere. The room is not messy, though, it is perfectly neat.

44

44 CONTINUED:

The figure turns its attention to the wardrobe in the corner.*

CUT TO:

45* 45 INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Lawrence exits, as we saw earlier.

LAWRENCE
Good night, sweetie. We'll finish the song tomorrow.

The light goes out.

Diana turns to face three of her teddy bears. She plants a kiss on each one of them.

DIANA
Good night, Charlie. Good night, Pinkle. Good night, Poochie.

She lays down among them, closing her eyes.

The blissful silence of a sleeping child. Then...the closet door opposite her bed CREAKS open a fraction. * *

WHISPER (O.S.)
Good night, little girl.

*

Diana opens her eyes. *

Did she just hear something? She sits up.

46* 46 INT. HALLWAY GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Alison stands in the hall, watching Lawrence march out the front door, clutching his briefcase. He looks up at her, perplexed.

LAWRENCE
Ally, I should probably ask you why you told Diana that I was going to leave her.

ALISON
I didn't say you were leaving her. I asked her what she would think if one day we weren't together anymore.

46 CONTINUED: 46

LAWRENCE
I think it's great that you're posing hypothetical's like that to our eight year old daughter.

ALISON
I just don't know how long I can go on like this.

LAWRENCE
I didn't know 'this' was so terrible.

ALISON
Larry, don't walk around pretending you're happy. * *

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE
I am happy.

ALISON
I'd rather you break down and tell me you hate me, at least there'd be some passion in it.

LAWRENCE
You're being ridiculous.

Alison picks up an expensive looking vase.

ALISON
Should I smash something to get a real response out of you? Start screaming? I know you'd care what the neighbors would think.

Lawrence puts down his briefcase, gently guiding the vase in her hand back onto the table. Makes sure it's back in the same spot.

ALISON (CONT'D)
There's the way things look, and there's the way things are, Lawrence. Which one do you care more about?

He takes one of the artificial flowers out of the vase. Hands it to her. She smiles, despite herself.

ALISON (CONT'D)
They're fake. I want the kind that lives and breathes.

46 CONTINUED: (2) 46

LAWRENCE
Too messy. We don't have to water these.

Alison cocks her head in exasperation.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Alright, alright. Sorry.

Lawrence picks up his briefcase. Kisses her on the cheek.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I'll bring real ones home later. Promise.

He exits.

47 **INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 47*

FLASHBACK

Diana strains to see into the narrow gap between her closet doors. Her breath quickens as she makes out an eye, peering through at her.

A moment of fear...then a single SHOCK -- AS THE CLOSET DOORS BURST OPEN!

Diana screams.

48 **INT. HALLWAY GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 48*

FLASHBACK

Alison leans against the wall in front of the closed door. She turns - suddenly becoming aware that Diana is SCREAMING.

ALISON
Honey? Diana?!

She charges up the hall, bursting through Diana's bedroom door to see--

49 **INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 49*

FLASHBACK

--Diana, silent and sitting up in her bed. A figure, shrouded in a bed sheet, is slumped in a chair next to her bed. Alison stares at the figure under the sheet, unsure what it is.

She steps closer to her terrified daughter.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

A hand shoots out from under the sheet, clamping onto Diana's shoulder.

Mother and daughter scream.

CUT TO:

50 INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY 50*

PRESENT

The figure picks up a crayon drawing.

It is of a doctor, holding hands with other people. The writing on it says "My daddy is a doctor. He fixes people who are sick."

He exits the room.

51 INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY 51*

PRESENT

The figure enters. Rifles through a chest of drawers. In one draw, woman's underwear.

The figure opens the drawer next to it, which contains neat, color coordinated rows of handkerchiefs. The figure takes one out, blowing its nose. Reaches under the handkerchiefs, pulling out a stethoscope. The figure looks at it, then turns around.

Sitting on the floor, are Diana and Alison. Their hands and feet are bound to the bedposts, their mouths gagged.

Their breathing shifts up a gear. The figure bends down in front of Diana. Alison barks through the gag, wriggling. The figure places the earpiece's of the stethoscope in its ears and presses the other end against Diana's chest.

Boom-boom...boom-boom...boom-boom...

All we can hear is the pounding of Diana's heart. The figure reaches behind its back, producing a .38 revolver.

Boom-boom, boom-boom, boom-boom...

Diana's eyes widen; her chest heaving. The gun is pressed against Alison's forehead.

BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM...

The gun is cocked.

51 CONTINUED: 51

BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM...

The figure lowers the gun, patting Diana on the head. Drops * a teddy bear for her. Goes to the window, staring through * the open curtains, which MATCHFRAMES INTO--

52 **INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - DAY** 52*

--a video screen, displaying a grainy shot of the FIGURE, staring through the drapes, then shutting them.

We hear somebody shifting around off screen. A raspy, metallic voice is heard.

RASPY VOICE (O.S.)
Who are you?
(beat)
I see you, little man.

WIDER ANGLE--

-- reveals a grotty, disheveled Tapp, squatting in front of the video screen. He swallows awkwardly, a thick scar stretching around his throat clearly visible.

The dank room around him is clogged with stacks of notebooks, papers and files, the walls plastered with newspaper articles about Jigsaw, and grainy black and white images of CRIME SCENES, BODIES, SUSPECTS. One space is devoted entirely to shots of an unaware Lawrence.

Alone, Tapp wades through the mess, whispering in a maddened stream.

He finds the notebook he is searching for, scrawling entries * into it furiously. He sets the notebook aside and picks up a photo of him and Sing, dressed in casual clothes, with big * grins on their faces.

TAPP
I see you...I see you.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 53

TAPP'S FLASHBACK

Tapp drives. Lawrence sits silently next to him, staring into the thick fog which engulfs the car.

LAWRENCE
Can you see anything? *

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

TAPP
Not much. When I drive through fog like this, I imagine that all the murderers I'm looking for are two feet in front of me, but I don't know it.

Lawrence squints at something offscreen.

LAWRENCE
Hold on, here we are.

Tapp pulls the car over. Whistles in awe.

TAPP
Nice building. *

LAWRENCE
Thank you.
(beat)
Quite an amazing story that poor woman told.

Lawrence opens the passenger door, getting out and leaning into the window.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I am sorry I can't be of any more help with your investigation.

TAPP
You know, we arrested a dentist last week who liked to play with kids a bit too much. He lived two blocks from here.
(beat)
The sewer lines run under this neighborhood too, doctor.

Lawrence walks away. Tapp sits in silence.

**54 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT** **54**

TAPP'S FLASHBACK

It's late and everyone's going home—except Tapp. He sits at his extremely cluttered desk.

He leans back in his chair; exhaustion is getting to him. He stares at a chalkboard in the corner, writing scrawled all over it. In the center of it all, in big letters, the words: JIGSAW IS TEACHING PEOPLE TO "GET A LIFE" and "MURDERS TWO WEEKS APART".

54 CONTINUED: 54

He swivels around to face a TV, punching PLAY on a remote. * The eerie visage of the ventriloquist's doll materializes on * the screen. It is the tape from the JAW-TRAP ROOM.

Tapp scrutinizes the images; the doll turning to face the * plaster head, the timer being revealed, the plaster head being ripped apart by the jaw-trap.

Sing turns the corner into the office, on his way out. He is surrounded by three other burly male detectives, who laugh and high five each other. Sing sees Tapp and leaves the group, standing over Tapp's desk.

SING
We're goin' to The Grill for a beer, you wanna come along? Grab a coke or something?

TAPP
I don't think so, thanks anyway.

SING
Oh well, I always ask. I'll leave you to have fun here then.

He goes to leave, then stops and turns back. *

SING (CONT'D)
Why don't you find yourself a decent hobby, Tapp? Or a girlfriend? When was the last time you got laid?

Tapp isn't listening. *

SING (CONT'D)
Don't be one of those asshole cops who talks about the job twenty four-seven, 'kay? As a friend, I tell you that.

Sing walks away. *

Then it happens -- Tapp leans forward in his seat, struck by * something on the tape. *

TAPP
Sing, get back here! *

Sing backtracks. Tapp freeze-frames the tape. *

SING *
What? *

54 CONTINUED: 54

He swivels around to face a TV, punching PLAY on a remote. * The eerie visage of the ventriloquist's doll materializes on * the screen. It is the tape from the JAW-TRAP ROOM.

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TAPP
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SING
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He goes to leave, then stops and turns back. *

SING (CONT'D)
Why don't you find yourself a decent hobby, Tapp? Or a girlfriend? When was the last time you got laid?

Tapp isn't listening. *

SING (CONT'D)
Don't be one of those asshole cops who talks about the job twenty four-seven, 'kay? As a friend, I tell you that.

Sing walks away. *

Then it happens -- Tapp leans forward in his seat, struck by * something on the tape. *

TAPP
Sing, get back here! *

Sing backtracks. Tapp freeze-frames the tape. *

SING *
What? *

54 CONTINUED: (2)

Tapp points at the screen with his pen - indicating a faded, scrawled graffiti symbol on the far wall.

TAPP
You remember 118th street?

Sing leans in, sees it.

SING
Holy shit...K2K. That gangs territory was, like, four square blocks.

TAPP
Now, listen to this.

He rewinds, then lets it play, turning the sound up.

Below the tape hiss, somewhere in the distance, a fire alarm wails - then stops.

TAPP (CONT'D)
We gotta check the records for all the fire emergencies that have occurred within that area in the past two weeks. Go.

CUT TO:

54A

54A INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

LATER

A map is spread out over Tapp's desk. Sing hangs up a phone, reading from a notebook.

SING
Okay, on the night of Tuesday the seventeenth, last week, we got a fire alarm going off in the rear wing of 213 Stygian street -- right in that area.

He rolls over to a computer, stabs some keys. We do not see what he is looking at on the monitor.

SING (CONT'D)
It's an old listing...place used to be a mannequin factory.

They look at each other. Sing is incredulous.

54A CONTINUED: 54A

SING (CONT'D) *
You really think it's enough for a * warrant?

TAPP *
Who said anything about a warrant? *
I was just gonna go over there and *
check the place out. *

He gets up, putting on his coat. *

SING *
What...now?! *

TAPP *
Why not? *

Tapp exits, leaving Sing on his own. *

SING *
Yeah, why not? *

He pops a clip into his gun and follows. *

CUT TO: *

54B OMITTED 54B*

54C OMITTED 54C*

55 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT 55*

TAPP'S FLASHBACK

A pitch dark warehouse. Scratching is heard, then a shaft of light swords though the dark space.

Tapp and Sing jostle inside. Tapp aims a flashlight, * crossarmed with his revolver. Sing chews loudly, sporting a * shotgun. Tapp turns to look at Sing as the smacks of his * chewing gum become audible. Sing stops chewing. *

The two men move forward and separate, knee deep in a CARPET * OF FOG which drifts down a flight of stairs towards them. *

Sing heads up the stairs, Tapp moving in behind him. *

55A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT 55A*

The cops are awe-struck by what they see. *

In the center of the fogbound room, there are three red, * velvet cloaks, draped over large objects. *

55A CONTINUED:

Lining one wall of the warehouse are dozens of mannequins, their spooky gazes fixed on the detectives.

Tapp notices the graffiti he spotted on the tape, on the far wall. He looks over at Sing -- TOUCHDOWN.

TAPP
(speaking to the room around him)
I got you.

Tapp approaches the nearest cloak. Stares at it, apprehensive, then hauls it off--

--uncovering an intricate, small scale model of a bathroom, sitting on a work table.

SING
We got ourselves an architect here?

Tapp leans in close to it...inspecting. He sees two tiny models of people, on either side of the miniature bathroom. He picks one up, wires snaking out of it.

Sing sifts through the equipment splayed out next to the model, including a tattered leather glove with a button in the center of the palm.

He presses the button.

BANG!!

Tapp drops the model man, as a BURST of current shocks him.

He shakes his hand out. Sing is truly unnerved.

Tapp moves onto the second cloak, dragging it off--

--and unveiling the demonic form of the ventriloquist's doll.

With a mechanical whir, the doll's head turns slowly to face Tapp, its eyes boring into his. Grinning at him.

MMMPHHH!!

THEY JUMP OUT OF THEIR SKIN AS SOMEONE GROANS NEARBY.

The two cops exchange glances--Sing wants out, Tapp doesn't. He moves to the next cloak. The groaning increases in volume.

THEN THE CLOAK MOVES.

55A CONTINUED: (2) 55A

Tapp reaches out, grabs a hold of it. Sing cocks his gun and aims it at the cloak. His heart is in his throat.

Tapp counts a silent three...

...Then RIPS it away--

--revealing a man, tied to a chair, his mouth gagged. He appears to be heavily drugged, and is wearing a rusted metal collar around his neck, which has two, foot long poles extending out of it on either side. Sitting on the end of each pole is a heavy drill device, with each of the drill pieces pointing inwards.

SUDDENLY--

A sound interrupts them. It's the ancient gears of a freight elevator, grinding to a halt behind a wooden sliding door.

Sing bends down and begins frantically untying the man, but Tapp grabs his shoulder.

TAPP
Leave him. Let's wait and see who this is.

Before Sing can protest, Tapp is off and running.

He throws the velvet cloaks back over the doll and the miniature bathroom, then retreats with Sing into the cluster of mannequins for cover, just as--

--the elevator door opens. *

A figure enters, striding over to the wall and switching on the light.

Peering out from among the mannequins, Tapp and Sing see that the figure is dressed in a flowing red, hooded coat.

He walks over to his groggy captive, his back to the detectives. WE NEVER SEE HIS FACE. He picks up the strewn cloak, scans around the room in suspicion. The captive groans.

Sing looks at Tapp, who nods.

They burst forth, guns up.

SING
FREEZE! POLICE!

(CONTINUED)

55A CONTINUED: (3) 55A

The figure JOLTS in fright, raising his hands and stepping back into the shadows. Covering his face is a long thicket of wiry, wig-like, black hair. Jigsaw. *

TAPP
Hold it right there! Do not move!

Jigsaw stops moving when he reaches a bench. Tapp and Sing march into the light. The captive rolls his head, coming to in the midst of the shouting. The cops look down at him. *

That's when Jigsaw slams his foot down, hitting a button on the floor. *

ZZZZCHHH!! *

Both of the drills SCREECH to life. They begin to slowly make their way along the poles, towards the captive's skull. *

JIGSAW *
Now you'll make a choice.

TAPP
Shut up! Get down.

Jigsaw doesn't move. The drills lumber closer to their target. *

JIGSAW *
In twenty seconds, the life of the man behind you will have ended. There is only one key that can save him.

SING
How do we stop it, asshole?

Jigsaw looks at Sing. *

JIGSAW *
The key is inside the box at his feet.

Tapp doesn't take his eyes off Jigsaw. Sing palms the shotgun off to Tapp, edging over to the captive, who is now no longer* woozy, but wide awake and wide-eyed. Sing spots a small box * at his feet.

JIGSAW (CONT'D) *
His time is running out. What's more important to you, officer - arresting me? Or the life of another human being?

55A CONTINUED: (4) 55A

TAPP
I said get down!

The captive makes muffled pleas through the gag. Sing reaches down, tips out the contents of the box: dozens of identical silver keys.

SING
Jesus, what do I do, Tapp?

But Tapp is zoned out. He kicks Jigsaw onto his knees.

There is a key hole on the front of the collar the captive is wearing. Sing tries one of the keys in it. No good.

Tapp moves in behind Jigsaw, taking out his handcuffs.

TAPP
Hands behind your head, you sick bastard.

JIGSAW
Yes, I am sick, officer. Sick from the illness eating me alive. Sick of those who don't appreciate their blessings. Sick of people scoffing at the suffering of others, justifying insensitivity by calling it necessity. Sick of it all. *

The captive shakes his head violently, but the heavy collar isn't going anywhere.

Sing tries another key--again, no good. He tries another; hands shaking, desperate. The captive begs, drool seeping from his mouth.

SING
Christ, Tapp, I need help!

The drills are seconds away from meeting in the middle.

SING (CONT'D)
TAPP!

Drenched in sweat, Sing slots key after key into the collar - to no avail.

SING (CONT'D)
Fuck this.

Sing spits out his gum, ripping it in half and stuffing each bit into the captive's ears, then steps back, whips out a

(CONTINUED)

55A CONTINUED: (5) 55A

handgun and empties a full clip into each of the drills at point blank range -- stopping them just as they touch his temples. Saving him. *

In that split second, Jigsaw lets a long blade drop from his sleeve, cleaving the air with it and slicing Tapp's throat. *

SING (CONT'D)
Nooo!

Tapp falls to his knees, the shotgun flying from his hand. *

Sing leaps, catching the shotgun in mid-air and firing into the darkness that Jigsaw recedes into. He crouches next to Tapp, who shakes his head, pointing madly after Jigsaw and shoving Sing away. * *

Hesitant, Sing gets up and sprints, seeing Jigsaw descending the stairs. * *

56 **INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT** 56*

Sing bounds down the stairwell, squeezing off a round as he catches a glimpse of Jigsaw ahead. * *

He pursues the figure across the factory floor, to another flight of stairs - this time leading upwards. * *

56A **OMITTED** 56A*

56B **INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT** 56B*

Tapp clambers to his feet, gripping his bloodied throat. He sets off after Sing. * *

56C **INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR STAIRWELL - NIGHT** 56C*

Sing RACES up the weathered steps, seeing Jigsaw alight at the top. * *

56D **INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 56D*

Jigsaw pours into a darkened corridor, through a side door. *

Sing BARRELS through a separate door at the opposing end of the corridor, landing hard in a stack of cardboard boxes. * *

BOOM! He fires blindly, hearing a body drop to the floor. He pumps the shotgun again, dispensing a shell and pulling the trigger - an empty chamber replies. * * *

56E* 56E INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Tapp struggles to get to his partner, lurching across the factory floor.

56F* 56F INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sing picks himself up, casting the shotgun aside and whipping his handgun out of his shoulder holster. Edges forward, gun trained on Jigsaw's fallen body ahead.

Looming behind him, red curtains billow in a breeze. Sing brushes cobwebs from his face. Moves stealthily along the wall, inches closer to the body.

He claws though a last sheet of cobwebs--

--unaware that the "webbing" he is pushing on, is in fact a long line of taut string connected to the triggers of four shotguns, which point directly down at him from the ceiling.

A booby trap.

BOOM!! Debris spews everywhere.

Sing's lifeless body pirouettes like a spinning top, before folding onto the squalid floor.

Jigsaw stands, nursing his bleeding ribs on the right side. Using the wall for support, he moves off down the corridor, his shadow following him into the night.

Tapp crawls through the open door where Sing made his entrance.

The sight of Sing's body forces a noise up from his gut, but it's a silent scream.

The CAMERA moves past him...through the doorway...

...down the STAIRS...

...across the FACTORY FLOOR...

...up the stairs to the UPPER LEVEL of Jigsaw's lair, finding the miniature bathroom and stopping on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 57 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The real bathroom.

57 CONTINUED: 57

Lawrence glares at the tape recorder. He presses play and begins pacing.

VOICE
(from tape; coughing)
There are ways to win this, hidden all around you. Just remember, X marks the spot for the treasure. *

Lawrence repeats the words to himself, under his breath. Adam sits on the edge of the tub, holding the Polaroid of Alison and Diana out of Lawrence's view.

LAWRENCE
We need to search this room again.

Lawrence inspects each tile on his side of the room closely, moving faster now, more desperate. He searches behind the basin.

Adam ignores, still studying the back of the Polaroid: X MARKS THE SPOT. SOMETIMES YOU SEE MORE WITH YOUR EYES SHUT.

ADAM
(to himself)
Riddles.

Lawrence turns around.

LAWRENCE
What did you say?

ADAM
Nothing.

LAWRENCE
What are you doing over there?

ADAM
Listen, just because I'm stuck in this room with you doesn't mean I have to report to you every ten seconds.

LAWRENCE
I don't really see the point in us not helping each other.

ADAM
What would you like me to do? I'm on a leash.

57 CONTINUED: (2) 57

LAWRENCE
That's exactly why we need to talk. We need to think. We need to figure out... *

ADAM
I am thinking.

LAWRENCE
Then don't keep me in the dark about what your thinking.

Adam is about to answer, when he stops. Something hits him.

ADAM
Turn off the lights.

LAWRENCE
Why?

ADAM
Just do it!

Hesitant, Lawrence flicks off the light. We hear Adam gasp.

On the wall behind Lawrence, written in GLOW-IN-THE-DARK PAINT is a large fluorescent 'X'.

Lawrence turns, seeing the vibrant marking. Stands aghast.

LAWRENCE
Why didn't we see this before?

ADAM
Because the lights in here hadn't charged it.

LAWRENCE
But how did you...? *

ADAM
Hurry up, before it fades.

Dumbfounded, Lawrence grabs the hacksaw, prying away the tiles in the center of the 'X' to reveal a hole bored into the concrete behind it.

Lawrence switches the lights back on. Reaches into the hole, wrenching out a small box, shaped to look like a treasure chest.

The two men look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3) 57

Lawrence fiddles with the lock. Won't open.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (4) 57

ADAM (CONT'D)
Smash it.

Lawrence tries to. Can't. Adam grows frustrated.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Pick it up and throw it!

Something occurs to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Wait...that key. The one from my envelope.

Adam finds the key on the floor, skits it over. Lawrence slides it into the lock. Pauses.

ADAM
C'mon what are you waiting for?!

LAWRENCE
We have to be careful with something like this. It could be booby-trapped!

Adam sighs, exasperated.

ADAM
Give it to me, I'll open it.

Lawrence lifts the lid, cautious. Reaches in, holding up a cellular phone. Adam whoops with victory.

ADAM (CONT'D)
The most beautiful invention on this planet.

Lawrence sets the phone aside, reaches in again, holding up five cigarettes and a lighter. Adam laughs for joy.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Make that second most beautiful invention! Give me one of those.

LAWRENCE
Are you joking?

ADAM
Ummm...no.

LAWRENCE
You're not putting something we found in this room into your mouth.

57 CONTINUED: (5) 57

ADAM
I'm willing to risk it.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (6) 57

Lawrence sets them aside, ignoring his pleas. We see there is only a folded up piece of paper left inside the chest. 'SHHH, DOCTOR' is written on it.

Adam chews his nails, eyes glued to the cigarettes.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I don't care, I really don't. I need one.

Lawrence unfurls the piece of paper. Reads it to himself.

LAWRENCE (V.O.)
(reading from note)
"The cigarettes are harmless, I promise. Smoking is only poisonous when it ends in bloodshed. Think about this - you don't need a gun to kill Adam."

He folds the note up again. Adam is really agitated now.

ADAM
May I please have one, doctor?

Lawrence picks up the phone, hits 911.

LAWRENCE
I'm trying the police.

He thumbs the buttons, getting no response from the phone.

He tries again. And again. Tries a different number. Same result.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
This was meant to receive calls, not make them.

Lawrence furrows his brow, glaring at the phone.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute, this has happened before... *

58 **INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT** CUT TO:

FLASHBACK 58

Lawrence is in his MERCEDES. He breathes heavily, unnerved.

58 CONTINUED: 58

Suddenly his body goes rigid in pain. He rubs the back of his neck, shaking it off.

He starts the car, steering slowly through the pillars up to an electronic gate -- but the gate doesn't move. *

Angered, he steps out of the car and marches up to the arm * that blocks the exit, trying to lift it. Unsure of what to * do, he takes out his cell phone, dials a number. The phone does not respond.

He scans around for someone. Sees no one. THEN-- *

--he spots a circular mirror, high above him, giving him a * front-on view of his MERCEDES. In it, he can clearly see a * dark figure, lying across the back seat of his car. *

He whirls on the car, terrified. *

As he glances back at the mirror, he catches sight of * something. Something protruding from his upper back. *

A syringe.

Horrified, he bends his arm to reach it, suddenly feeling woozy.

LAWRENCE

My God...

He turns, running desperately.

Behind him, the back door of his MERCEDES opens and a dark * figure worms out of it, onto its hands and knees. Begins * crab-crawling towards Lawrence. *

LAWRENCE'S P.O.V: Sprinting through the garage. The walls begin to pulsate, the lights dimming.

The dark figure takes its time, giggling insanely. *

Lawrence's steps become drunken, wayward lopes. Through * blurred vision, he can barely make out the exit door.

Lawrence's pace gets slower with each step, like he were running in a dream. He slumps to the ground, rolling onto his back.

As everything fades to black, the last thing Lawrence sees * is the face of the figure, leering at him in a fleshy pig- * mask.

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58 CONTINUED: (2)

Waving at him.

FLASHCUT TO:

59

59 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Real fear is visible on Lawrence's face.

LAWRENCE
That...thing. It was waiting for me.

He holds the treasure chest in his hands. Drills Adam.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
How did you know to turn off the lights?

ADAM
Who cares? It worked.

LAWRENCE
How did you know?

ADAM
Instinct.

LAWRENCE
You're a terrible liar.

ADAM
You say that like you know me. You don't.

LAWRENCE
What else aren't you telling me?

ADAM
Well, um, let's see. On my sixth birthday, Scott Tibbs, my best friend at the time, stabbed me with a rusty nail. I didn't tell you about that. I didn't tell you that my last girlfriend, who was a feminist vegan punk, broke up with me because she thought I was too angry. I haven't told you that one of my toenails--

LAWRENCE
Stop it! You knew to turn off these lights.

59 CONTINUED: 59

ADAM
Whatever. Think what you like.

LAWRENCE
I think I'm dealing with a juvenile who's more stupid than he looks.

The interrogation becomes too much for Adam. A ball of fury, he hurls over the Polaroid of Diana and Alison.

ADAM
You wanna know? Here!

Lawrence picks up the Polaroid; his eyes bore into it. He crumples to the floor. A long moment passes.

LAWRENCE
Why? Why wouldn't you show me this?

ADAM
I...I couldn't.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

A fluorescent tube overhead flickers and dies. Lawrence's voice is barely a whisper. It is broken - CHANGED.

LAWRENCE
They need me.

He looks up at the room around him. Swallowing bile, he addresses the camera, his voice pure venom.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
What are you doing to them, you bastard?

He covers his face with his hands and doesn't move.

ADAM
I just wanted to try to get us out of here. *

Upon hearing that, Lawrence slowly removes his hands. Unfolds the note left for him.

The words written on it echo in his head: "Smoking is only poisonous when it ends in bloodshed. Think about this - you don't need a gun to kill Adam."

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

He looks down at the floor near his feet. At the rivulets of blood which have dribbled from the corpse in the middle of the room over to him.

CUT TO:

60 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 60

EARLIER - FLASHBACK TO SC.5

Back to the start. Chilling instructions fill the room from the tape recorder.

VOICE
(from tape)
...there is a man in the room with you. When there is that much poison in your blood, the only thing left to do is shoot yourself.

CUT TO:

61 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 61

Lawrence holds the cigarettes in his palm. Eyes switching between them and the blood on the floor.

He sees Adam is avoiding his gaze. He slyly dips one of the cigarette butts into the blood. Studies it.

Studies Adam. Mind ticking.

LAWRENCE
Do you really want to die?

Adam meets Lawrence's eye, confused. Lawrence picks up the tape recorder, waving it at him.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
That voice on your tape, it said "so many days you have wanted to die".
(beat)
Why?

Adam hesitates - should he be revealing this much to Lawrence?

ADAM
The same reason everyone else wants to die. Because it's preferable to living.

61 CONTINUED: 61

LAWRENCE
Death is not an alternate version of life, Adam. You are either alive, or you are nothing. *

ADAM
Yeah well, I'm alive AND I'm nothing.

LAWRENCE
I'm serious. Why would you want to die?

ADAM
Its not something I can put in writing for you, doc. My daddy didn't molest me, I'm not getting over some childhood trauma, blah blah, okay? It's nothing. *

LAWRENCE
There's always a reason.

ADAM
I don't have a reason...that's my reason.

Adam sits down, hiding his face and wiping his eyes. A long beat passes. Lawrence looks at the cigarette.

He begins mouthing words at Adam silently.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What? Speak up.

Lawrence rolls his eyes in the direction of the camera, putting a finger over his lips.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(mouthed; silent)
I can't understand you.

Exasperated, Lawrence's eyes fall on a thin pipe which runs out of the floor, across the ceiling and over to Adam's side of the room.

Lawrence flicks the light switch off, plunging them into blackness.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

LAWRENCE (V.O.)
I want you to do exactly as I do.

61 CONTINUED: (2) 61

The lighter sparks to life, its tiny plume of flame giving off little visibility. Lawrence picks up the hacksaw, starts cutting through the thin pipe.

CUT TO:

62 **INT. LIVING ROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY** 62*

The figure squints at the darkened monitor screen, hearing Lawrence's hacksaw screeching away. Leans closer.

63 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 63

With one last jerk, Lawrence severs the thin pipe in half. He pulls one end toward himself, placing his mouth over it.

He switches the light back on, throwing the lighter and hacksaw over to Adam, who points slyly at the thin pipe on his side of the room. This one? Lawrence nods, then switches the light out again.

64 **INT. LIVING ROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY** 64*

The figure sees the monitor go black again.

65 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 65

Adam cuts through the thin pipe, brackets on the ceiling keeping it in place. He holds the lighter up, but cannot make out Lawrence.

ADAM
Now what?

A muffled voice slithers out of the dark, seemingly coming from the thin pipe. Adam presses his ear against it. *

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
(from pipe)
Can you hear me? Adam?

Adam presses his mouth against his end of the pipe.

ADAM
Only just.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Listen carefully - I need you to fake your death.

ADAM
(too loud)
What?!

65 CONTINUED: 65

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Shhh! I'm going to give you a cigarette, then you will inhale a few times and then pretend to die. As if the cigarette was poisoned. *
You got it? Say yes if you do. *

ADAM
Uh...yeah.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
This could be our way out.

The lights come back on.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Still want a cigarette?

Adam seems unsure of how to go along with the scheme.

ADAM
Yeah, of course.

Lawrence tosses over one of the other cigarettes - NOT the one he dipped into the blood. Adam lights it, takes a few puffs.

A tense beat. Lawrence glares at Adam, giving him a telepathic shove. Adam inhales deeply, then coughs, choking. His hand flies to his throat, dropping the cigarette. His eyes bulge, his body convulsing. He slumps to the floor, gasping out one last, dramatic breath. Still.

LAWRENCE
(to camera lens)
There, I've done it.

No answer. Lawrence pounds on the heavy door.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I murdered him with the poison, just like you wanted. Now where is my family?

The room is silent; two corpses and a doctor. All of a sudden Adam's back arches upwards violently, his eyes rolling back in his head. He spits and flails, the veins bulging in his neck.

Lawrence eyes him in horror.

Adam SCREAMS, his body RIGID - then abruptly limp. He SUCKS air into his lungs, trembling.

65 CONTINUED: (2) 65 *

ADAM
I think I just got electrocuted!

LAWRENCE
That was our way out of here.

ADAM
Did you hear what I said?

He claws at his foot clamp.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Get this thing off me! Get it off!

LAWRENCE
Stop acting.

ADAM
You think I would make this up, just to mess up your stupid little fucking game?

Lawrence is unable to totally believe or disbelieve.

LAWRENCE
I am ending this right now. Give me that hacksaw.

Adam hurls it over. Lawrence resumes the attempt at sawing his foot chain in half. The chain won't hold still. Impossible to cut.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Damn it!

Lawrence slams the wall.

ADAM
Oh God...

LAWRENCE
What? What is it?

Adam's eyes are filled with fear.

ADAM
It's all come back to me. I remember everything now...

CUT TO::

66 **INT. STAIRWELL ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 66

FLASHBACK TO SC. 2

We are outside Adam's apartment again. We see him mock "shoot" the cop on the Neighborhood Watch poster, then trudge onwards to his front door, unlocking it.

67 **INT. ENTRANCEWAY, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 67

FLASHBACK

Dark. Cramped. Messy. The walls are covered in protest rally notices and punk band flyers. A large portrait of Che Guevera takes up one wall.

Adam enters and presses play on his answering machine. He * opens a door opposite, stepping into-

68 **INT. BATHROOM, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 68

FLASHBACK

More mess. Adam switches on a red lamp, giving light to rows and rows of photos, crisscrossing each other on strings. He unslings the camera from his shoulder, removes the film from it. Begins pouring out chemicals to process it.

Behind him, the mechanical voice of the answering machine * plays out. *

ANSWERING MACHINE *
You have no new messages. *

Adam stops what he's doing and sits down. Contemplating. *

Finally, he lets his head fall back against the wall...falling * asleep. *

69 **INT. BATHROOM ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 69*

LATER -- FLASHBACK

A noise startles him awake. The red light is out. He tries to see what time it is, but the room is in pitch darkness.

Clambering to his feet, he trips through the dark bathroom, going to the light switch and flicking it. *

Nothing.

Another noise, a clatter. Adam becomes alert; dead still.

69 CONTINUED: 69

ADAM

Hello...?

He gropes forward, picking up his camera. He pushes the bathroom door open.

70 INT. KITCHEN ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 70

FLASHBACK

Adam stumbles out of the bathroom, squinting into blackness. He holds up his camera, letting the flash go off. For a split-second it lights up the room, showing an empty kitchen.

He winds the camera. The flash takes awhile to recharge.

71 INT. LIVING ROOM ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 71

FLASHBACK

Adam shuffles blindly into the living room.

VOICE

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

An insane cackle shatters the quiet. Adam breathes hard, terrified of what might be in the room with him.

ADAM *
*

Who's there?

Trembling, he depresses the trigger again. The flash ignites-- showing Adam the ventriloquist's doll, propped up on a sofa. * It twitches and begins laughing again.

Adam seizes a baseball bat, bringing it down on the doll with brute force, pummeling it until its laughter stops.

There is silence in the darkened room.

CRASH!

Adam whips around at the direction of the sound. It came from the bedroom.

72 INT. BEDROOM ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 72

FLASHBACK

Adam edges his way into the bedroom.

The flash goes off--

72 CONTINUED: 72

--lighting up a messy, but empty bedroom.

Another sound. It's coming from inside the wardrobe.

Adam reaches out with a cautious hand, groping blindly for the wardrobe handle. He yanks the door open.

Adam can hear muffled breathing -- so close it could be right in front of his face.

ADAM (V.O.)
Whoever that is, I'm gonna kill you motherfucker! You hear me? *

Adam winds the camera again. The flash charging back up. He fires the camera--

--illuminating a lightning-quick vision of Hell personified. A figure is standing directly before Adam; a garish red suit draped over its body, a grotesque pig-mask on its face.

Then darkness again. Adam cannot scream, simply chokes. We hear him being shoved to the ground. The flash goes off again, blinding us and transposing into--

73 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 73

--the white tiled tomb. Adam looks petrified by the memory. Lawrence looks just as unsettled.

Riiiiiiinnng! Riiiiiinng!

The phone startles them back to reality. Lawrence eventually pushes 'ANSWER'.

Labored breathing on the other end.

LAWRENCE
Who is this?

DIANA (V.O.)
(from phone)
Daddy?

A bolt of shock surges through Lawrence.

DIANA (CONT'D)
(from phone)
Daddy? Is that you?

LAWRENCE
I'm here Diana, where are you?
Where's mommy? *

73 CONTINUED:

DIANA (V.O.)
Here with me.

LAWRENCE *
Is she okay? Talk to me, sweetie.
Tell me if you're alright.

DIANA (V.O.) *
Please come home, daddy.

LAWRENCE *
Don't worry, honey, daddy will be *
home soon.

CUT TO: *

74* 74

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - DAY**

The dark figure stands over Diana, holding a phone to her ear.

DIANA
The bad man from my room is here.
He tied us up and...

She begins to sob.

DIANA (CONT'D)
...he has a gun.

LAWRENCE (V.O.)
(from phone)
What man?

The figure presses the phone against Alison's ear, holding up a note to read from.

CUT TO:

75*

75 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Breathing on the phone.

LAWRENCE
Hello? Diana? DIANA?! *

ALISON (V.O.) *
Larry? *

LAWRENCE *
Ally?

75 CONTINUED: 75

ALISON (V.O.)
Is Adam there?

Lawrence glances up at Adam.

LAWRENCE
How do you...? Ally, for Christ's sake, what is going on? Are you okay?

ALISON (V.O.)
Don't believe Adam's lies. He knows you. He knew all about you, before today.

The line goes dead.

LAWRENCE
Hello? Hello? God damn you, you...If you so much as lay a finger on them, I'll kill you, you hear me! Do you hear me?

ADAM
Are they okay?

Panicked and confused, Lawrence tries to comprehend just that.

LAWRENCE
My wife, she mentioned your name.

ADAM
What did she say?

LAWRENCE
She told me not to believe you.

ADAM
Believe me about what?

LAWRENCE
She said that you know me.

That one stops Adam dead.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

ADAM
You know who I am.

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

Lawrence grips his temples like a fierce migraine has just struck him, his voice reaching fever pitch.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON! Stop all the lies. You're a liar. A liar. A LIAR!

ADAM
I'm a liar? What did you do last night, Lawrence? Work at the hospital was it? Save sick children? No.

Lawrence looks up at Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You said that after you left your house last night, you went to work at a hospital.

LAWRENCE
That's because it's the truth.

ADAM
No, it's not.

Lawrence is dumbstruck.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Your wife is right.
(beat)
Don't you remember me, Lawrence? You walked right past me.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 76*

FLASHBACK TO SC. 4

Lawrence is heading speedily for his MERCEDES, as we saw previously. *

Then, from behind one of the pillars, Adam appears, taking a long lens 35mm camera out from under his jacket. Lawrence continues on his way and Adam aims the camera at him. He depresses the trigger, the flash going off, then ducks back behind the pillar.

76

ADAM (V.O.)
I took that picture in the parking lot.

77 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** CUT TO:

77

Adam fishes the plastic bag the hacksaws came in out of the bathtub, taking a set of photos out of it and holding them up for Lawrence. He indicates one, of Lawrence in the parking lot.

ADAM
I can prove that you didn't go anywhere near a hospital last night.

He throws the photos at Lawrence, who picks one up.

Lawrence gapes at the picture, disbelieving.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Not the first time I've done it either, Larry. I've been taking pictures of you for a few days now.

LAWRENCE
Why..?

ADAM
It's what I do. You wanna know what I do? I get paid to take pictures of rich white guys who go to seedy, out-of-the-way motels to fuck their secretaries.

78 **INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT** CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

78

Adam focuses the lens on his camera at something.

ADAM (V.O.)
Last night I went to your house...and I watched you leave.

79 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT 79

FLASHBACK

Lawrence pulls up in his MERCEDES, shutting off the engine. He climbs out and checks himself in the reflection of the side window. *

ADAM (V.O.) *
...I followed you...

A shadowy figure slinks into the parking lot; it's Adam. * *

80 INT. CORRIDOR MOTEL - NIGHT 80

FLASHBACK

Dirty. The decay of little or no maintenance eats at the walls. A hanging light flickers.

Lawrence paces up the hall, head down, stopping at room 17. He looks behind him, then knocks. He is carrying a briefcase* *

ADAM (V.O-CONT'D)
...all the way to that shitbag motel.

Over Lawrence's shoulder, we see a figure appear at the end of the corridor. *

CLOSE ON the figure - we see it is Adam. He aims his camera at Lawrence, as he waits outside the door. He clicks off a shot. The door opens and Lawrence steps inside.

81 INT. BATHROOM - DAY CUT TO: 81

Lawrence has gone so white he blends into the wall.

LAWRENCE
You've had those with you the whole time?

ADAM
I found them with the hacksaws. I don't know how they got there. *

LAWRENCE
More lies.

81 CONTINUED: 81

ADAM
Face it, Larry, we're both bullshitters - but my camera isn't. It doesn't know how to lie. It only sees what's put right in front of it.

Guilt weighs in on Lawrence's face.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Just out of curiosity, what did you do in that motel room? You got out of there pretty fast.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT** 82

FLASHBACK

There is a knock at the door. A figure opens it slightly, then walks away. Lawrence steps in.

LAWRENCE
Why did you deem it necessary to page me when you knew I was at home?

VOICE (FEMALE, O.S)
I didn't know if you were going to make it.

Lawrence steps forward, seeing-

--the pretty ASIAN student doctor we met earlier. She sits up on the bed, visibly nervous. Her name is **CARLA (26)**.

LAWRENCE
I gave you a precise time at which to page me.

CARLA
I'm sorry. It's just...it's not like I know the rules of this sort of stuff.

LAWRENCE
You think I do?

Lawrence sits next to her on the bed, though they don't touch. Uncomfortable silence.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
So...what do you think of my wing?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: .82

CARLA
Excuse me?

LAWRENCE
At the hospital. Do you think you'd like to stay with us in oncology?

CARLA
Oh...yeah. It's great. It's more a question of whether you want me.

LAWRENCE
We'd love to have you.

CARLA
Well, my dad's a neurosurgeon. I know he'd be proud of me.

That one registers. Lawrence studies her for a long beat.

He takes his black diary out of the briefcase, flipping it open to a page with a detailed list written on it: 7.00 AM - GYM, 9.00 AM - BREAKFAST: 1 GLASS OF GRAPE JUICE, and so on. All of the items on the list are crossed out, except the last -- MEET WITH CARLA.

CARLA
What's wrong?

LAWRENCE
We shouldn't be here. I was wrong to ask you...to meet me here.

Lawrence and Carla face each other.

RIIIIIIIING!!!

Their heads SNAP around as the room phone goes off in the corner. Lawrence turns to Carla, suspicious.

She picks up the receiver.

CARLA
Hello?

A voice mutters from within the earpiece. Carla looks over at Lawrence, surprised. Holds the phone out for him.

CARLA (CONT'D)
It's for you.

Lawrence moves toward the phone. Takes hold of it slowly, as if it were a movement triggered bomb.

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

The distorted voice we have been hearing on Jigsaw's tapes breathes hoarsely on the other end of the line.

VOICE
(from phone)
I know what you're doing...doctor.

Dread fans out through Lawrence like a brushfire.

The phone line goes dead.

**83 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT** **83**

FLASHBACK

Hurried footsteps echo, as Lawrence rushes back toward his car, as we saw earlier. He looks flustered, edgy. Not himself at all.

He rubs his eyes and a camera flash explodes behind him, turning the whole frame WHITE and bringing us back to--

**84 INT. BATHROOM - DAY** **84**

Lawrence glares, questions clouding his mind like locusts.

LAWRENCE
Who was it? *

ADAM *
What? *

LAWRENCE *
Who pays you to follow me? *

ADAM *
He calls himself Bob and he gives me the money up front, so Bob it is. Two hundred bucks a night.
(beat)
If I'd known I was gonna end up here, I would've asked for a shitload more money! *

LAWRENCE
What does this mean? Does this mean you saw me-

ADAM
What I saw was you get into your * car. That's it. I didn't know your * name, and I never asked who you were.
(MORE)

84 CONTINUED: 84

ADAM (CONT'D)
I don't know how you got here, I don't know how I got here. I just took the shots...

CUT TO:

85 **INT. BATHROOM ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 85

FLASHBACK TO SC. 68

Adam is in his makeshift darkroom, as seen earlier.

ADAM (V.O.)
...and went straight home to develop them.

CUT TO:

86 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT** 86

LATER -- FLASHBACK TO SC.72

RAPID images of the pigman, forcing Adam to the ground.

CUT TO:

87 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 87

Adam lowers the photo's, gesturing to the walls around him.

ADAM
The next thing I know, I'm chained to a pipe, staring at the guy I've been taking shots of all night.

LAWRENCE
So whoever pays you to take the pictures of me is the one who put us here?

ADAM
Maybe.

LAWRENCE
What do you mean maybe? It's him! *
What does he look like? *

ADAM
I don't know...he's just a guy.

CUT TO:

88 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 88

FLASHBACK

A figure, shrouded in shadow, stands behind Adam in his living room. The figure reaches into its pocket, pulling out a wad of cash.

89 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 89

Crazed, Lawrence continues his grilling.

LAWRENCE
How tall is he? Is he skinny? Obese? *

ADAM
I don't take notes about his appearance. *

90 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 90

FLASHBACK

The figure steps closer to Adam, into the light.

CUT TO:

91 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY** 91

Adam fends off Lawrence's questions, denying everything. *

LAWRENCE
You must remember something about him!

ADAM
I can't.

CUT TO:

92 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 92

FLASHBACK

The figure steps completely into the light, slapping the cash down in front of Adam.

It is Detective Tapp, the scar around his throat glistening.

CUT TO:

93 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 93*

Lawrence is red with rage. *

LAWRENCE *
Tell me who it is! *

ADAM *
I told you I...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

ADAM (CONT'D)
(beat)
He's a big guy, black, has a scar around his neck, okay?! You don't know him!

Lawrence lights up.

LAWRENCE
Tapp! Detective Tapp.

ADAM
Hold on, hold on - the guy who paid me to take these photos was NOT a cop.

LAWRENCE
He was discharged from the police force. He broke down after his partner was killed. But that didn't stop him harassing me. He became obsessed - convinced himself I must have been involved somehow with the murders.

Lawrence contorts with rage.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
And you helped him. You took money from him to invade my privacy. How could you do that?

ADAM
Call it my need to eat.

LAWRENCE
You're not a victim of this game, Adam - you're a part of it.

ADAM
Oh really? Well, obviously this cop thinks you're the one behind it all.

LAWRENCE
I told you, he isn't a detective anymore, he's a bottom feeder. Just like you.

ADAM
What are you so pissed off about? The fact I took some shots of you, or the fact I took some shots of you while you were cheating on your wife?

93 CONTINUED: (2) 93

LAWRENCE
I DID NOT...

He can't even say it.

ADAM
Why do you care what I think anyway? I don't give a crap if you covered yourself in peanut butter and had a fifteen hooker gang-bang.

LAWRENCE
Then why hide them from me all this time?

For the first time, Adam looks like the boy he is.

ADAM
Because...I didn't know you. I didn't know what you would do.

Lawrence collapses, tears running out of his face - deep and painful.

LAWRENCE
How did I get here? I had everything in perfect order. My whole life was in order.

He stares at the polaroid of Alison and Diana; their terror stricken faces staring back.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
My wife. My beautiful wife.
(beat)
I was always in awe of her ability to give a damn about other people.

CUT TO:

94 **INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 94*

Alison and Diana sit silently as the figure re-adjusts their gags, fitting Alison's on sloppily. The figure ruffles Diana's hair and exits.

Alison watches the figure go, then shakes her head furiously. The gag comes free and she spits it out.

ALISON
Are you alright?

Diana nods, tears in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

ALISON (CONT'D)
Stay calm. We'll be okay. Can you get your hands free?

Diana shakes her head. *

ALISON (CONT'D)
Diana, please be strong for me. *

Diana stares into her eyes. *

ALISON (CONT'D)
No one is going to hurt you, not while I'm alive. * *

Diana nods, Alison begins to bite at the ropes that bind her wrists. * *

CUT TO: *

**95 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** **95**

Lawrence is sunken, broken. Sits with his head between his knees. Adam examines a photo which has fallen at his feet. Squinting at it.

ADAM
There's someone here.

Lawrence doesn't look up.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hey! There was someone in your house last night.

Lawrence raises his head, curious. Adam folds the photo into an expert paper plane, sailing it over.

Lawrence unfurls it. It is a picture of Lawrence's apartment. A skinny figure lurks off to one side, in one of the windows.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I didn't see it before.

95 CONTINUED: 95

A sledgehammer of realization hits Lawrence. He stiffens up.

LAWRENCE
My God, I know him.

He gazes off, searching his memory.

CUT TO:

96 **INT. NEUROSCIENCE WARD HOSPITAL - DAY** 96

FLASHBACK TO SC. 7

As we saw earlier, Lawrence is standing in front of a group of student doctors, including CARLA.

**ZEP HINDLE** (32), shuffles past, pushing a trolley. He stops and listens to Lawrence's speech.

LAWRENCE
This patient has an inoperable frontal lobe tumor, which started as a colorectal cancer. The patient has come in for a standard check up, where we look at the rate at which his condition is declining. The patient had--

ZEP
His name's John, Doctor Gordon. He's a real interesting person. He's an engineer, see.

LAWRENCE
Why thank you for that information, Zep.

Zep ambles away. Lawrence watches him go.

CUT TO:

97 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 97*

Zep's face stares back at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Zep.

ADAM
Who?

97 CONTINUED: 97

LAWRENCE
Zep. He's an orderly at my hospital. (to Zep in the photo) You perverted little psychopath. I'm going to take pleasure in seeing you pay for this.

ADAM
Oh no!

LAWRENCE
What?

He points up at the clock.

ADAM
Look.

Lawrence looks up at it. The hour hand on the clock's face strikes SIX, like a chord of doom strummed by death itself.

They are OUT OF TIME.

97A **INT. LIVING ROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 97A*

The timer in the corner of the monitor screen clicks over to 18:00.

The figure watching stands up slowly. Switches off the monitor.

The figure then loads its gun and begins walking toward the master bedroom, dialing a number on a cell phone with its other hand.

98 **INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 98*

Alison bites at the rope which binds her wrists to the bedpost.

Finally, she gets through it, freeing her bloodied hands. She rips Diana's gag out of her mouth.

DIANA
Don't leave me here!

ALISON
I'm not going to leave you here, honey.

CUT TO:

99 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 99*

Riiiiiiing!

Their heads whip up as the phone rings again. Lawrence answers.

LAWRENCE
Is that you Zep you bastard? *

CUT TO:

100 **INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 100*

Alison attempts to rend Diana's hands free.

Footsteps in the hall. Approaching the door.

ALISON
Damn...

DIANA
Mommy please, take mine off too.

ALISON
Quiet, I need you to be quiet.

Alison places the gag back into Diana's mouth, then puts her * own back in, as if nothing had happened.

The door opens. The figure enters, bending down into the light. Finally, WE SEE THE FACE OF THE FIGURE.

It is Zep.

He studies them, like a teacher with naughty pupils. Removes Alison's gag.

ZEP
Doctor Gordon's time is up. Now I gotta do what I gotta do, and I'm * afraid it has to be you who tells * him he's failed. *

He slowly offers her the phone, pressing it against her ear.

CUT TO:

101 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 101*

Lawrence listens, hearing nothing.

101 CONTINUED: 101

ALISON
(from phone)
Larry?

LAWRENCE
Yes?

CUT TO:

102 INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT 102

A tear falls down Diana's cheek.

Alison's breathing grows heavy. She look up at Zep with pure hatred.

ALISON
(to Zep)
You've failed.

With that, Alison EXPLODES. She smacks Zep in the face, wrenching the gun out of his hand and belting him over the head with it. She stands over him.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Don't move a muscle! Lay on the floor!

Zep does so, shaking with fear. Alison motions at Diana's bound wrists.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Take that off her, now. You've got three seconds.

Zep leans in close to Diana, getting a crack over the head with the gun.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Do it from there.

A voice can be heard yelling from the phone. Alison snatches it up.

LAWRENCE
(from phone)
Hello? Hello?

ALISON
Larry, is that you?

102 CONTINUED: 102

LAWRENCE
(from phone)
Ally! Are you OK? *

ALISON
No we're not! Where are you? *

LAWRENCE
(from phone)
I don't know. *

ALISON
What do you mean? *

LAWRENCE
(from phone)
I'm being held captive in a room *
somewhere, I'm chained up. *

ALISON
A room, where? Larry, what is going *
on? Tell me, please...I need you *
here. *

LAWRENCE *
I've been kidnaped... *

She casts the phone aside, pressing the gun against Zep's temple.

ALISON
You get that rope off her, now or
you're dead, I swear it.

Reluctantly, Zep releases Diana from her bindings.

A scream is heard, coming from the phone. It's Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
(from phone)
Ally! *

Alison turns her head for a split second. Zep strikes.

He leaps up, smashing Alison into the corner, then vaults onto her. She fights back, managing to get up, struggling with Zep over the gun. They spin around the room, the gun going off, hitting the wall -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

CUT TO:

**103 INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - NIGHT** 103

Riveted to his monitor screen, Tapp sits bolt up right as he hears the distinct echo of GUNFIRE.

His cop instincts kick in.

Surrounded by photos of Lawrence, Tapp bounds away from the screen, towards the door. Loads his gun as he does.

CUT TO:

**104 INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT** 104

Zep forces Alison to the floor, wrenches the gun from her hand.

He aims it at her head. Diana screams. Traumatized by the child's cries, Zep tries to calm her with his hands. He guides her to the floor next to Alison. Towers over them both.

Only Lawrence can be heard, tiny shouts coming through the phone. Zep snatches it off the floor.

ZEP
Doctor Gordon, your wife did a bad thing.

Lawrence's screams ring out through the phone, but Zep cuts him off, tossing the phone aside.

**105 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 105

Lawrence still has the phone to his ear. The line is dead and he knows it is.

LAWRENCE
I love you Alison. I have always been happy with you, always.

SUDDENLY -- Lawrence stiffens up, features contorted in agony; his back arched. His body tremors violently, spittle spraying from the corner of his mouth, eyes bulging. The phone goes flying across the room, landing in the corner.

ADAM
Lawrence!

105

105 CONTINUED:

His body loosens abruptly, and he collapses to the floor.

Still.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Lawrence! Say something!

He lies there in a heap, fingers twitching.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Please, get up. I need you to get us out of here! I need you.

CUT TO:

106* 106 INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zep closes his eyes, cocks the gun. Presses it against Alison's head. Looks sad about what he has to do.

ZEP
This won't hurt a bit.

BLAM!

A shot NARROWLY MISSES Zep. He WHIRLS, seeing Tapp in the living room, firing at him, then ducking behind a couch. Zep returns fire, crouching on the floor.

Tapp appears again, fires off three shots.

At the same time, Alison crawls across the floor to the chest of drawers, taking a pair of scissors from the bottom drawer.

As Zep reloads awkwardly, Alison DRIVES the scissors down into his leg. Zep SHRIEKS in agony.

Seizing this opportunity, Tapp charges into the bedroom at Zep, landing on him.

Alison and Diana sprint from the room, as Tapp and Zep roll into the middle of the floor. Tapp struggles to get his gun under Zep's chin.

Zep counters, smashing a vase against Tapp's head, then heaves him aside. He limps from the room—

107 AND 108 OMITTED 107* AND 108

109 INT. CORRIDOR GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT 109*

--where he scans around for Alison and Diana. He flings every door open, searching high and low. Wails in frustration.

They're gone.

He takes out a set of car keys and heads for the front door. *

110 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 110*

Adam hurls mirror shards at Lawrence, lying still.

ADAM
Get up!

One of the shards connects with Lawrence, and he explodes awake. Looks around, frightened. *

ADAM (CONT'D)
Thank God.

Lawrence isn't looking at Adam when he speaks. Spits the words out. Something has changed in him. He looks like an animal.

LAWRENCE
Electricity. He electrocuted me. Nearly killed me.

ADAM
The same thing happened to me, I told you. I wasn't lying, see? *

Lawrence stands up.

LAWRENCE
Fuck this shit! *

CUT TO:

111 INT. MASTER BEDROOM GORDON APARTMENT - NIGHT 111*

Tapp's eyes peel open, blood streaming down his forehead. For a moment, he almost seems unaware of where he is - THEN HE JUMPS UP, alert, running from the room. *

**112 OMITTED** 112 AND 112A

112 AND 112A

**113 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 113

Riiiiing!

The phone rings in the corner of the room, far out of their grasp. Lawrence is like a caged animal.

LAWRENCE
I can't get to it. That's my family calling and I can't help them.

ADAM
Lawrence, calm down. There must be a way out of this.

LAWRENCE
Shut up, just shut up. I have to protect my family. * *

The shrill tones of the phone increase in volume.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Oh God, what is he doing to them?

CUT TO:

**114 INT. ZEP'S CAR MOVING - NIGHT** 114

Sheets of rain pelt Zep's car, as he swerves shakily from lane to lane. Checks his watch.

**115 INT. HALLWAY NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 115

Alison paces frantically with the cell phone in her hand. It rings with no answer.

The father of the household we are in, a man of Indian descent, comes running down the hall.

FATHER
I've called the police.

Alison hangs up the phone. Diana runs to her and they embrace, Alison squeezing her for dear life.

ALISON
I love you, I love you, I love you. Do you know how much I love you?

115 CONTINUED: 115

DIANA
I do now.

Through the tears, Alison laughs her loud, unique laugh.

CUT TO:

116 **INT. TAPP'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 116*

Tapp tears wildly through the fierce rain in his car, stomping on the gas. *

TAPP
I knew you'd come back for the doctor. I knew it. I've got you now, you bastard.

Sweat stings his eyes as it pours down his face.

CUT TO:

117 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 117*

The phone stops ringing. Lawrence begins literally ripping his hair out.

ADAM
This is not the answer. It's not. *
I have a family too. I don't see *
them, but that's my mistake. *
(beat)
It's a mistake I'd like to fix.

Lawrence cannot hear him.

LAWRENCE
Help me out of here, oh lord. Please God. Guide me out that door.

CUT TO:

118 **INT. SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANT - NIGHT** 118

A heavy door.

It groans open, light flooding in. Zep enters through it; he is in great pain. He shuts the door, lurches down a dark * corridor.

We stay on the door. It's lock jiggles, Tapp forcing it open. Pokes his head in, moves forward. Wounded.

119 INT. CORRIDOR SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANT - NIGHT 119

Tapp skulks up through the shadows of the corridor, gun out like a guiding stick. He spins through a doorway into -

120 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANT - NIGHT 120

Pipes everywhere; the roar of machinery drowning out all other sound. Human filth meets mechanized industry.

Tapp creeps forward. *

BLAM!!

A bullet hits a pipe near Tapp's head. *

Tapp ducks, raising his gun -- sees Zep disappearing around a corner. He fires, the bullets ricocheting off metal. * *

Tapp charges after him, into-- *

121 OMITTED 121
AND AND
122 122

123 INT. SEWER - NIGHT 123

--the filth soaked tunnels where it all began.

Tapp spots Zep, limping away, disappearing around a corner.

He gives chase.

CUT TO:

124 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 124

Lawrence wails gibberish. Adam's pleas can barely be heard over the din.

ADAM
Stop it Lawrence! Stop it! You have a reason to get out of here, to pull yourself together. We're going to catch this guy.

LAWRENCE
I have to do it. I'll just have to.

ADAM
It doesn't matter how far down the pit we seem, there is ALWAYS, always hope. You said that.

124 CONTINUED: 124

But Lawrence is numb. He snatches up the hacksaw, crouching down and lifting his trouser leg. Exposes his white, office-worker flesh. Presses the blade against it, hard enough to draw blood.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Lawrence, what are you doing?

125 **INT. SEWER - NIGHT** 125

Tapp huffs along the wall.

TAPP
I'm right behind you!

He unloads his gun at Zep, bullets sparking off the walls. Slams in another clip and shoots again, the gunfire reverberating in the narrow tunnels.

Zep spins, returning the shots. Keeps moving, legs getting weaker.

126 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 126

Lawrence thrusts the saw back and forth. We do not see.

Adam screams as flecks of Lawrence's blood dapple the floor.

127 **INT. SEWER - NIGHT** 127

Tapp gains on the desperate Zep, who hobbles now as if his body was slowly shutting down.

Tapp pounces onto his back, catching his legs. They struggle madly in the slime, Zep withering under Tapp's strength.

128 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 128

Lawrence grits his teeth in agony as he saws through his foot.

129 **INT. SEWER - NIGHT** 129

Tapp inches his gun towards Zep's face.

130 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 130

Lawrence saws faster, harder, biting down on his belt, his eyes wide and maddened. Adam's shrieks fill the chamber.

131 **INT. SEWER - NIGHT** 131

The gun is firmly pressed against Zep's cheek.

131 CONTINUED: 131

Tapp cocks the gun. Then—

--with full force, Zep forces his own gun into Tapp's stomach*

BLAM!

Tapp's face droops, his body relaxing.

He is gone.

132 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT** 132

Lawrence saws all the way through, standing up and hopping forward -- free from his shackle at last.

He takes out the bullet in his pocket, limping over to the corpse and prying the .38 from it's cold, dead fingers.

ADAM
Lawrence, it's not me who did this to you!

Frenzied, Lawrence loads the gun.

ANGLE INSIDE THE BULLET CHAMBER--the lethal lead dart slides into position. From in here, it's the size of a guided missile.

Lawrence raises the gun. Points it at Adam. Cocks it.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Please, Lawrence, please don't.

LAWRENCE
You wanted to die.

ADAM
No, I want to live! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

The madness in Lawrence's face melts into sorrow. Voice barely a croak. For a split second, we see the old Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
I'm sorry. My family...

ADAM
Nooooo!

BOOM.

132 CONTINUED: 132

The bullet propels Adam backwards, slipping stupidly into the bathtub. Still.

Lawrence drops to his knees. Nuclear silence.

Finally he looks up at the camera lens.

LAWRENCE
He's dead...for real this time.
Show them to me.

CLICK.

The iron door unlocks. It lumbers open, groaning like a beast stirring in its sleep. The skeletal form of Zep shuffles in from the darkness beyond it. Circles the hateful Lawrence.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
You.

Zep angles his head over at Adam. Leans down to check if he's dead, nudges him with his foot. Satisfied, he turns back to the doctor and cocks the gun. *

ZEP
It's the rules. *

Lawrence closes his eyes, waiting for the inevitable. Zep takes aim, then stops and looks back. Did he just hear breathing? *

TOO LATE.

Adam arches upwards, sweeping Zep's leg out from under him with his foot chain.

Zep lands, scrambling for his gun - but Adam is upon him. He holds one of the cistern lid pieces aloft, spearing it down onto Zep's head in one CRUSHING blow. *

Zep is dead. *

Adam sits back, pressing his hand on his bleeding shoulder, wincing. *

Lawrence tears off his shirt, wrapping it around his leg and tying it off, grimacing in agony.

LAWRENCE
Adam...you're hit in the shoulder.
You're going to be okay.

132 CONTINUED: (2) 132

ADAM
Yeah...

LAWRENCE
If I don't find help I'm going to bleed to death. I have to go and get help.

ADAM
Don't leave me...

LAWRENCE
I have to go.

For the first time, they touch, when Lawrence takes Adam's hand.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I'll bring someone back, I promise you.

Adam squeezes Lawrence's hand, breath starting to stutter. Cold.

Lawrence lets go, crawling across the floor like a wounded animal, towards the door. Adam watches him go, fear building.

ADAM
Are we gonna be okay?

Lawrence turns.

LAWRENCE
I wouldn't lie to you.

And then he is gone.

Adam splays on the floor in a crumpled heap. Listening until he can no longer hear Lawrence. The silence without him is almost too much to bear.

Adam shifts, agitated. Freedom is dangling right in front of him, beyond the door, and he can't get to it.

Finally he can't take it any longer. He slides himself over to Zep's body, rifling through his clothes.

ADAM
A key, a key.

He finds a wallet in the pocket of Zep's jeans, flips it open. He discards its contents one by one, finding a drivers licence.

132 CONTINUED: (3) 132

ADAM (CONT'D)
(reading from licence)
Shepherd Hindle.

He flicks the licence at Zep.

He keeps fishing through Zep's clothes, hand landing on an object in his coat pocket. He retrieves it.

It's a cassette. Written on the front: ISN'T THIS FUN? PLAY ME FOR THE RULES. Confused, Adam reaches for the cassette player, placing the tape inside and letting it run. Once again, that voice...That horrible voice. *

VOICE
(from tape)
Hello Mr Hindle, or as they called you around the hospital, Zep.

Adam glances down at Zep's body. Thoughts racing through his mind.

No, this cannot be.

VOICE (CONT'D)
(from tape)
I have a game for you. There is a slow acting poison coursing through your system, which only I have the antidote for. If you want to get well again, you had better join in with my game. Now, listen carefully to the rules. *

Unable to believe what he is hearing, Adam turns around--

And tremors in utter shock.

The corpse which had been lying lifelessly on the floor this whole time, since the very start, slowly sits up in front of Adam.

The 'corpse' - now a very much alive, albeit sick-looking, man - creaks his neck, blinking and adjusting to the light.

He pushes a needle into his forearm, flexing his fingers as the feeling comes back into his arms.

Every particle of Adam's body has ceased to move. He just watches in stark horror.

132 CONTINUED: (4) 132

The man looks at Adam. From this angle, we see that he is the SICK MAN Lawrence was talking to the student doctor's about, at the hospital. He smiles.

This is truly Jigsaw.

He gradually lifts his cancer ridden body to his feet, peeling away a layer of bloodied latex from his face, tossing it aside. The right side of his ribcage is peppered with scarring from a shotgun wound. *

Adam WHIPS Zep's gun up, taking aim at the man.

The man slams his fingers onto a button from a metal device he has wired to his palm. As soon as he does, Adam is electrocuted through his chain, the gun flying from his hand as he flails madly in pain. The man lets go of the button and Adam drops, a sack of fried meat.

Barely alive, Adam looks up at his captor. The man smiles.

JIGSAW
The key to that chain is in the bath tub.

CUT TO:

133 OMITTED
AND
134 133
AND
134

135 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 135

FLASHBACK TO SC. 1

Adam struggling in the tub, in the opening scene. We see his foot yank the plug out, the water gurgling down the drain.

A tag-light with a key attached to it on a chain goes down too. *

CUT TO:

136 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 136

The sickly man hobbles over to the door, as Adam reaches out, voice barely a whisper.

ADAM
Why? *

The man reaches the doorway.

136 CONTINUED: 136

JIGSAW
It seemed to me that the only way to communicate with you people was at your level. To climb into your pit, your sewer; to play a game with your souls. To give you an inkling of how it feels...to have to fight for your own life.

He flicks the light-switch off, plunging the once brightly-lit bathroom into darkness.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
How does it feel, Adam?

The silhouette of the man turns to look back at Adam.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Game over.

He slams the door shut. We are in TOTAL BLACKNESS.

Adam screams into the abyss.

FADE OUT